

FAMILY FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A BORN SPECULATOR; OR, THE YOUNG SPHINX OF WALL STREET.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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A BORN SPECULATOR

OR, THE YOUNG SPHINX OF WALL STREET

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—What Happened to Broker Mills.

"Mr. Bangs is going out of town over Sunday, I guess," remarked Frank Cole, messenger for John Mills, stock and bonds broker, of No— Wall Street, to Daisy Lee, the Office stenographer, one Saturday morning about half-past nine.

Lawrence Bangs was the cashier of the establishment, and had been acting boss for the past four weeks while Mr. Mills was confined to his home by a severe illness.

The banker, however, was expected to be back to business on Monday for the coming week, and this report was hailed with joy by all the employees, for the cashier, who had never been a favorite with his office associates, had succeeded in making himself cordially disliked during his brief reign of authority.

"What makes you think he is?" asked the girl, who was pretty, bright and sweet seventeen, looking up from her machine, at which she had had been working steadily since she sat down to work, twenty-five minutes before.

"He had his suit-case and umbrella with him when he came in ten minutes ago," replied the boy.

"I wish——" then she stopped and looked down at the keys of the machine.

"That he'd never come back, eh?" grinned Cole.

"I didn't say——" she began.

"But you thought it just the same," he interrupted.

"How do you know?" she answered, flashing him a saucy look.

"Oh, I'm a good guesser. Beside——"

"Besides——what?"

"The same thought occurred to me."

"The same thought? What do you mean?"

"That the office wouldn't miss him if he were to forget to return. I know I shouldn't."

"Yes, you would," she smiled tantalizingly.

"How?"

"You'd miss the daily laying out you've been accustomed to get from him."

"I shouldn't grieve over the omission."

Daisy laughed.

"He does give you fits on the slightest pretext."

"He certainly seems to have it in for me. I can't account for it, for I attend to my work right

up to the handle, just the same as when Mr. Mills is here."

"I am sure you do, Frank."

"You're about the only one in the office he hasn't pulled over the coals since he took temporary charge. I guess he must be sweet on you, Daisy," chuckled the messenger.

"The idea," she exclaimed, indignantly.

"I don't blame him. You're about as pretty as they come."

"Frank Cole, do you know what you're saying?"

"Sure thing. Telling the truth, which is a weakness I have."

"You mean you're jollying me, as you usually do."

"Doesn't your looking-glass confirm my statement?"

Miss Lee pouted and was silent.

"There. I know you couldn't deny it."

"I think it's time you went back to your post in the reception-room."

"Thanks for the hint. I came in to tell you something, but since you're eager to get rid of me, of course——"

"I'm not anxious to get rid of you, if you will only talk sensibly."

"Not when you utter such ridiculous remarks as the one you were just guilty of," she answered, with a demure look. "What did you come in to tell me?"

"What will you give to know?" he said, tantalizingly.

"Oh, I'm not at all curious," she replied, making a bluff to resume her work.

"I'll make a deal with you. Promise me you'll go to the theater with me this afternoon and I'll tell you."

"But mamma won't know where I am," she objected.

"Write a ten-word message and I'll send it when we go to lunch after the office closes for the day."

"Well," she answered, in a tone which assured the boy that his invitation was practically accepted.

"That's settled, now I'll keep my part of the agreement. I came in here to tell you that that little flyer I took on the market two weeks ago,

and which you were so sure would do me up, has turned up trumps."

"You have come out ahead, then? What a lucky boy you are!"

"Don't call it luck, Miss Lee. Give me credit for a little foresight, please. I told you the stock would go up. You laughed at me. I let you laugh, for he laughs best who laughs last. I backed my opinion with my entire cash capital of fifty plunks. I bought ten shares of I. X. & L. at 49. I closed out the deal by telephone thirty minutes ago at 65. Profit, \$160. How's that?"

"Is it possible?"

"As evidence of good faith on my part you shall see my broker's check when I receive it on Monday."

"Oh, I believe you, Frank."

"Thank you. I told you I'd blow you to lunch and the theater if I won, and I am going to be as good as my word."

"You're a good boy."

At that moment the door of the outer office opened and a customer entered.

Cole hastened to meet him, and took his name into the private office, where Lawrence Bangs was going over the morning mail.

"Show him in," said the cashier, in the crusty tone he was accustomed to use when addressing the messenger, and it seemed to Frank as if Bangs was several degrees crankier than usual that morning.

"I wonder what he had for breakfast?" muttered Cole, as he returned to the reception-room. "Thank goodness the boss will be back Monday. If I had to put in another week with Bangs I think I'd resign."

Buzz! went his bell.

The messenger answered the summons.

"Here's a letter and a package to take to the Bowling Green building, do you understand?" said the cashier, sourly.

"Yes, sir."

"Don't be all day about it, like you usually are," replied Mr. Bangs, dismissing him.

This was hardly a fair remark, as Cole was one of the smartest messengers in the financial district.

"Yes, Frank Cole was undoubtedly a smart, energetic boy—one who seemed destined to make his way in the world by his own efforts."

He hailed from the small town of Sayville, in New Brunswick, Canada.

Two years before a Toronto express train had dropped him into New York at the Grand Central Station.

He hadn't a friend to help him in the great metropolis as, grip in hand, he stepped out into Forty-second Street that day; but before the week was out he had secured the position of messenger with John Mills, and had been with him ever since.

By the time he had mastered its contents Frank was seated in his accustomed chair outside, absorbed in the morning issue of the Wall Street News.

Customers came in at intervals from that time on.

In about twenty minutes the cashier came into the outer office with his hat on and told Cole to follow him.

They went to the National Safe Deposit and Trust Co., down a wide stairway to the vaults, where Mr. Bangs got the box in which Mr. Mills kept his securities.

The cashier handed the box to the boy to carry, and they returned to the office.

Perhaps half an hour later Frank was given a package to deliver, with a letter, to a gentleman who had an office in Exchange Place.

This person's exclusive business was to lend money on call.

Cole received from him an envelope which he handed to the cashier on his return, and a few minutes afterward Mr. Bangs put on his hat and went out.

He came back in a little while and went immediately to his desk.

Frank was kept on the trot until a few minutes after twelve.

Then the office was closed to the public, though the clerks did not get away until one o'clock.

A few minutes before that hour Mr. Bangs paid all hands their wages for the week, and, closing the big safe, put on his hat and went out.

"Gone to get a bite before starting on his trip," thought Cole, noticing that the cashier had left his overcoat and suit-case in the private office.

While the boy was waiting for Daisy to get her things on, a ring came at the telephone and he answered it.

"That you, Bangs?" came a voice over the wire.

"No, sir. Mr. Bangs is not here," replied Cole.

"Not there!" Then followed a smothered imprecation. "Who are you?"

"Mr. Mill's messenger."

There was a pause.

"Do you know where Bangs has gone?"

"No sir, but I think he will be back shortly, as his overcoat and other things are here, though the office is closed for the day."

"All right. That's all."

Cole hung up the receiver and returned to the reception-room, where he found Miss Lee waiting for him.

"Somebody wanted Mr. Bangs on the wire," Frank remarked, as they walked out of the door.

When they reached the sidewalk a cab drew up to the curb, the driver dismounted and opened the door, and to their surprise out stepped Mr. Mills.

They greeted him politely, expressing the pleasure they felt at seeing him downtown once more.

"Is Mr. Bangs in the office?" asked the broker.

"No, sir; everybody has gone away. I think, however, that Mr. Bangs will be back, as he left his overcoat, umbrella and suit-case in your private room."

"I will go up and wait awhile."

The broker told the driver to wait, and entered the building, while Frank and Daisy went on to a restaurant on Broad Street.

It was half-past one o'clock when they came out, and were starting for the Hanover Square elevated station when Cole suddenly recollected that he had forgotten a small package at the office he intended to take home.

"We'll go back, Daisy," he said, turning around.

"It won't take but a minute for me to get it."

So they retraced their steps to the office building.

"The boss is still there, I see," said Cole, as they noticed the cab standing in the front of the entrance. "I'll be down in three shakes of a lamb's tail."

"I'd rather wait upstairs in the corridor," replied Daisy, and she followed after him.

Mr. Mill's offices were on the second floor, in the rear, and Frank made a bee-line for them as fast as he could walk.

He expected to find the door of the general office unlocked, but when he laid his hand on the knob he discovered it was fast.

He looked through the keyhole and noticed that Mr. Bang's suit-case and umbrella had been removed to the middle of the room.

"I wonder if Mr. Mills and the cashier are inside?" he thought. "If so, they are probably in the private office. I'll just slip in, get my package and sneak."

He had a key to the office, so he quietly unlocked the door and entered.

The door of the private room was wide open, and Cole glanced in as he crossed the reception-room.

What he saw brought him to a full stop and fairly staggered him.

Mr. Mills was lying back in his chair in front of his desk, with his head lolling helplessly to one side.

His face was white as a sheet of paper, and blood was flowing from an ugly-looking wound above his temple.

"Good gracious!" gasped the boy. "What has happened to him?"

He dashed into the room, seized the broker and straightened him up.

"This looks like murder!" he breathed, excitedly.

He put his ear down to the broker's heart.

"It beats. He is not dead!" he cried, joyfully.

"I must get help for him at once."

The boy dashed out of the private room, crossed the outer office hurriedly and let himself out into the corridor, closing the door softly after him.

He almost ran into Daisy, who had been walking slowly toward the office.

"What's the matter, Frank?" she asked, in surprise, "You're as pale as—"

"Don't ask me, Daisy. Something terrible has happened to Mr. Mills."

"Why, what do you mean?" she exclaimed, aghast.

"I mean he has been struck down in his office by a villain. Run downstairs, will you, and send the janitor up. Then look out on the street and if you see a policeman in sight bring him here. I'm going to telephone to the nearest hospital."

Leaving the astonished girl to follow his directions, he rushed back into the office, intending to ring up the Chambers Street Hospital.

His hand was on the knob of the counting-room when it was opened from the other side and Lawrence Bangs confronted him.

Cole was struck dumb with surprise for the moment, as he had supposed the place deserted by all save the stricken broker.

In an instant a horrible thought flashed through his brain.

He had found the office door locked in the first place.

Under such conditions what did the presence of Lawrence Bangs portend?

Was he responsible for Mr. Mills' condition?

The cashier recovered his presence of mind first.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, aggressively.

"I came back for a package I forgot to take away with me, and I found—"

"You found—"

"Mr. Mills—"

"Ha!" exclaimed the cashier, glancing over the boy's shoulder, and then he understood.

He had forgotten that the door of the private office stood open, exposing the ghastly sight beyond.

With an oath he dealt Cole a blinding blow in the face, which stretched the boy, half stunned, upon the floor of the outer office.

Thinking he had settled him for the time being, the cashier started for his coat and hat, which lay upon a neighboring chair.

Cole lay inert but a few seconds, then he recovered himself with surprising rapidity.

He was on his feet at the moment Bangs reached for his hat.

The cashier, perceiving he had been fooled, turned upon him with an angry snarl.

Half measures he no longer thought of.

As he stood at bay a murderous light came into his eyes.

This boy stood between him and safety.

"Blame you!" he cried, putting his hand to his hip-pocket. "I'll fix you!"

Frank saw his danger as a revolver flashed before his eyes.

He dashed forward and struck the weapon from the cashier's hand just as the office door swung open and a policeman, followed by Daisy Lee, appeared upon the scene.

Bangs, wild with rage, grappled with the boy at once, and in the struggle they went down on the floor in a heap.

The policeman now took a hand in the proceedings, but found it difficult at first to separate them.

Finally he succeeded in getting a firm grip on the cashier, and held him so that Cole managed to release himself.

"Don't let him go!" cried the young messenger, excitedly. "Some one has made a murderous assault on Mr. Mills in his private office, and I suspect this man of the deed."

Daisy, who had now advanced into the office, glanced into the inner room.

At the sight of the death-like countenance of the broker she uttered a low scream and covered her face with her hands.

"Who is this man? Do you know him?" asked the officer of Frank.

"Know him? I should say I did. He's our cashier."

"Then you are—"

"I am Mr. Mill's messenger, and this young lady is his stenographer."

CHAPTER II.—Lawrence Bangs Evades the Issue.

"You here!" hissed the cashier, as he started back in consternation at the unexpected appearance of the office messenger on the scene.

At this point the janitor, who had taken his own time to reach the scene, appeared.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired, curiously.

"Murder seems to be the trouble," replied the policeman, as he forced Bangs to enter the private room where the unconscious broker reclined in his chair in the same position he had been placed by Cole, the blood forming a broad red smudge down one of his face to the rim of his collar. "You had better telephone to the Chambers Street Hospital for an ambulance," he added to the janitor.

Frank, however, was attending to that duty at the moment, and after he had flashed his request over the wire he called up the Old Slip police station, explained the situation, and suggested that another officer be sent at once.

Then he rejoined the trembling girl in the outer office in time to hear the policeman say to Bangs:

"Have you any explanation to make about this?"

The cashier, however, sullenly refused to open his mouth.

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Daisy, regarding him with frightened eyes. "Isn't it awful? Is Mr. Mills dead?"

"He wasn't a few moments ago when I came upon him first. I think he has only been struck senseless by that rascal, Bangs."

He left her for a moment to inform the officer that he had communicated with both the hospital and the police station.

"All right," replied the policeman. "As soon as the surgeon passes judgment on the case, I'll take this man around to the station and make the charge against him."

The revolver Frank had knocked out of the cashier's hand lay all this time where it had fallen, near the chair on which its owner's hat and coat lay, and no one paid any attention to it, at least no one but Bangs himself.

The janitor suddenly remarked that the broker seemed to be coming to his senses, as Frank was washing the blood from his face with a water-soaked towel.

This caused the policeman's attention to be turned from his prisoner for a moment, and Bangs seized the chance, quick as a flash.

He wrenched himself free by a sudden movement, and before the officer could stop him, sprang through the door.

Stooping, he snatched up his revolver and presented it at the policeman.

"Stand back!" he cried, in a menacing tone. "Don't attempt to stop me, or by heaven I'll shoot you down like a dog!"

Then grabbed his coat and hat and dashed for the door.

The policeman, recovering himself, rushed after him.

At that moment the office door opened and the ambulance surgeon appeared.

"Stop him!" cried the officer.

The surgeon, however, was an undersized young fellow, and stopping wild-eyed men of the size and weight of Lawrence Bangs was not in his line.

Then the request had come at the very moment the cashier was almost upon him, so that he didn't even have time to think before he was sent whirling against the opposite wall of the corridor.

Bangs, who knew the building like a book, didn't go toward the Wall Street entrance, but dashed into an adjoining corridor which led to a window overlooking the fire-escape.

Throwing up the window the moment he reached it, he passed through and fairly slid down the iron ladder to the open space behind the office building which connected with a narrow passage leading to the rear of a row of buildings fronting on Hanover Street.

When the officer, who had followed him as quickly as possible, reached the point where he had seen the cashier disappear, he found no trace of him, and many valuable minutes were lost before he discovered the door through which Bangs had passed into one of the buildings, and so on through into the thoroughfare beyond.

When he finally came out on Hanover Street he could not tell in which direction his man had vanished.

CHAPTER III. After the Crime.

Cole, who had made a fruitless attempt to head Bangs off reached the corridor in time to assist the ambulance surgeon to his feet.

The surgeon followed the boy into the private office, where Miss Lee was holding the towel about the broker's head.

Mr. Mills had revived somewhat, and seemed to be trying to collect his senses.

The ambulance man looked at the wound and declared it was not really as serious as it appeared to be to the unpracticed eye.

It had been made by some hard implement coming into glancing contact with the skull.

"Half an inch lower the blow, if given with sufficient force, would probably have brought a fatal result."

The ambulance man then deftly bound up the cut in true hospital fashion, and after that prepared a mixture which relieved the broker of the faintness which had oppressed him.

"I should advise you to take a cab and go home right away. You will feel better by to-morrow morning, when you should send for your regular physician and let him dress the wound. It ought to be attended to twice a day until the inflammation entirely subsides.

Thus spoke the surgeon, as he picked up his satchel and prepared to take his departure.

"I will follow your directions," replied the broker with a faint smile.

Then he handed the young chap a bill, with his thanks, for his expert attention.

"Now," said Mr. Mills, turning to his messenger, "perhaps you will explain what you know about this affair. How is it that I find you and Miss Lee back in the office? I thought you had started for your homes. Who found me here unconscious?"

"I did, sir," began Frank, and then he told his story. "It was Mr. Bangs who struck you down, was it not?" concluded the boy, hardly deeming the broker's confirmation necessary, so certain were appearances against the cashier.

"Yes," replied Mr. Mills. "That man is a scoundrel."

"He has shown himself to be such," answered Cole, emphatically.

"And to think I have trusted him implicitly. The fellow has been robbing me systematically and had arranged to clear out to-day with everything in the way of cash and negotiable securities in sight. But," eagerly, "you say you came in upon him at the last moment, after he had struck me down in my chair?"

"Yes, sir. He intended to shoot me, but I was too quick for him. Then we had it out on the floor, and the appearance of the policeman, brought in by Miss Lee, helped me out of a bad box, for Bangs meant to do me up if he could have brought such result about. I found him an ugly customer."

"How did he manage to escape after the officer got his hands on him?" asked the broker.

"He broke away somehow while the policeman's attention was momentarily diverted by signs of returning consciousness in you, sir. The officer, however, pursued him at once and has probably caught him by this time."

"But he surely could not have carried off that suit-case with him. It contains thousands of dollars' worth of money and valuables belonging to me," said the broker, eagerly.

"No, sir. He got away with nothing but his hat and coat, and what may have been on his person. The suit-case is outside. I will bring it to you."

Frank walked into the reception-room, picked up the cashier's suit-case and umbrella, which had remained undisturbed there during all of the excitement, and carried it in to the broker. Mr. Mills gazed upon it with a look of great relief and thankfulness.

"If it hadn't been for you, Frank, I have no doubt he would have succeeded in making his escape with the fruits of his thieving game. I feel that I am under great obligation to you, and believe me I shall not forget it."

"If I have saved your money and other valuables I am very glad to know it, sir. But it is no more than my plain duty to protect your interests while I am in your employ. I don't ask for any special commendation on that score."

"When I let myself into the office after speaking to you and Miss Lee on the sidewalk, the place was empty. I sat down here to wait the expected appearance of my cashier. I wish an explanation from him in reference to my bank deposits, for I had received a special communication from my bankers that my accounts had been overdrawn, which could not have been the case if Mr. Bangs had made the regular daily deposits as usual. After waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour I went out to the lavatory to wash my hands, and while I was there Mr. Bangs came in. He had no idea I was in the place. His actions showed that he believed himself alone, and were so suspicious as to attract my notice."

"I watched him open the safe and take bundles of money from it that should not have been there. He carried them into my private room, and came back for several packages of securities. Then he closed and locked the safe. I crossed the office and watched him through a crack in that door. He opened his suitcase, crammed the money and securities into it, then locked and strapped it as you see it there. After witnessing all that I judged that it was high time for me to interfere. So I opened the door and confronted

him, to his great discomfiture. I took my seat here, and what followed is unnecessary for me to dwell upon."

"We had a heated interview, and I discharged him from my employ, threatening him with public exposure. At that a look came into his eyes that gave me an idea of the true nature of the man. I ordered him from the office. He turned as if to obey me, then, while my back was turned to him, he sprang suddenly upon me and struck me the blow which caused my senses to leave me. The sensation I experienced was as if the building had unexpectedly fallen in upon me, lights flashed through my brain with a feeling of acute pain, and then I knew no more until I recovered my senses with you, Miss Lee, the janitor and the ambulance surgeon about me."

Mr. Mills decided to take the cashier's suitcase home with him just as it was, and asked Frank to accompany him, which, of course, he agreed to do. Then he escorted Daisy out into the corridor, wished her good-by and returned to assist the broker down to the cab, which was still standing at the edge of the curb waiting for him.

CHAPTER IV.—A Messenger Boy's Stroke of Luck.

Of course the story was in the next morning's papers. There isn't much doing in the big city of New York that the bright reporters of the daily press don't get on to in some way. On Monday morning broker friends of Mr. Mills began to drop in to learn how he was getting on. Every one of them had something complimentary to say to Cole. As a matter of fact, Frank Cole held something of a levee before ten o'clock, and also later on in the day when the brokers were not busy on the Exchange.

All of them were delighted to learn that Mr. Mills had not suffered very severely from the shock, notwithstanding the fact that he had been previously confined to the house for a month. The police were severely criticised, first for permitting Cashier Bangs to get away after having been once caught, and secondly because they didn't catch him afterward. Probably Bangs had one or more confederates who assisted him to cover up his tracks. Broker Mills secured a new cashier on Wednesday, on which day his physician reluctantly permitted him to visit Wall Street and look after his handicapped business affairs. On Monday an expert accountant had been hired to go over the late cashier's books.

After taking possession of the contents of the suit-case, it was discovered that there was altogether a shortage of securities, but an overplus of money. From this showing Mr. Mills correctly concluded that Mr. Bangs had pledged some of his collateral. Frank was able to throw some light on this. He reported the visit he had paid to the gentleman in Exchange Place. The boy was at once sent there with a note asking for information on the subject. The answer showed that Lawrence Bangs, on a note bearing the presumed signature of John Mills, had deposited so many shares of such and such gilt-edged stock, and had received a check, to the order of Mr. Mills, for so much money on call at the prevailing market rate.

The bank on which the check had been drawn had paid the money over the counter to Lawrence Bangs, who was personally known to the paying-teller, as the check bore the endorsement of the broker—a clever forgery on Bangs's part. When everything was cleared up, Broker Mills found, thanks to his messenger's unexpected appearance at the office in the nick of time, that his loss was comparatively insignificant. At three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon Mr. Mills called Frank into his sanctum and motioned him to a seat beside his desk.

"I wish to say that your wages hereafter will be \$12 a week, and I shall advance you to my counting-room at the first chance."

"Thank you, sir. I shall endeavor to earn the raise."

"I am satisfied you are worth the money, Frank. This is merely a general expression of the value I put on your services as an uncommonly good messenger. Now here," he said, taking up a package of bills, "are \$1,000. Take it—it's yours."

"Sir," exclaimed the astonished boy.

"I said it was yours," pushing the package toward his messenger.

"Excuse me, Mr. Mills, but I don't quite understand."

"Aren't you as bright as usual to-day?" asked the broker, with a smile.

"I hope so, sir."

"Well, then, when I say this money is yours don't you understand, plain English?"

"I understand your words, but I don't understand just how this big sum of money happens to be mine."

"You have saved me a matter of \$50,000, young man. Isn't that worth \$1,000?"

"But, sir, I don't want any reward for that," objected the boy, earnestly.

"Nonsense! Put it in your pocket and say nothing more unless you wish to offend me," replied Mr. Mills, in a tone which showed that he meant every word.

Cole put his hand on the money, but the magnitude of the present took away his breath, as it were.

"It's not going to bite you," laughed the broker, observing the gingerly way he handled the package of bills.

"No, sir, but I want to try to get used to the fact that I have suddenly become a bloated capitalist on a small scale."

"It's a pleasant sensation, isn't it?" smiled Mr. Mills.

"Yes, sir, but kind of funny when a fellow isn't used to it."

"I hope that one of these days you'll be accustomed to handling many thousands of your own money, my lad."

"Thank you, sir; I hope so, too. It won't be my fault if I don't."

"There's no reason why an ambitious, energetic boy like you, with no bad habits that I know of, should not come out at the top of the heap in due course of time."

"Will you please put this in your safe till to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Get a big envelope, put it into it and seal it, then write your name on the outside and tell Mr. Briggs, our new cashier, to put it

away until you ask for it. Are you going to put it in the savings bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the best place for it. The banks are paying from 3 1-2 to 4 per cent. Your deposit will therefore begin to earn a semi-annual profit of say \$20 right away, compounded every six months."

This bit of information wasn't new to Cole, but he said nothing.

"I think I've made a bigger per cent. to-day than any operator in Wall Street," he remarked with a grin, as he took the money up.

"How do you make that out?"

"I have made \$1,000 out of nothing, haven't I?"

"I'll have to concede the point since you put it that way," laughed the broker.

"I must have been born lucky, sir."

"You mean under a lucky star."

"I suppose so—if there's any such thing."

"Lot of people believe in such a thing. Well, that's all. I must be getting home. I have already overstayed my physician's directions."

"Well, sir, I am very grateful to you for this money," said Frank, rising. "You may be sure I will put it to good use."

Then he left the private office feeling like a millionaire.

CHAPTER V.—Mr. Reginald Cates and His Friend Pyle.

When Cole came downstairs to supper that evening he found a new boarder at the table. The landlady had installed him in a chair next to the young Wall Street messenger, and as soon as the boy had seated himself she came forward and introduced his new neighbor to him as Mr. Cates.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," said the new boarder, glibly, offering his hand, which was singularly soft and white, the nails perfectly manicured, as if it had never been tarnished by such a thing as vulgar toil. "My first name is Reginald," he added, looking inquiringly at Cole, as if expecting him to oblige in kind.

Frank, however, wouldn't take the hint. The fact was he didn't fancy Mr. Cates, and first impressions went a long way with the Wall Street boy, who, in the last two years, had run against pretty much of all sorts of the human family, and his experience guided him a great deal in forming friendships. The new boarder had red hair and thin, straggling reddish whiskers, and Frank had a personal aversion for the color, though this of course could not be considered as a reflection on the tint, for people have no voice in nature's selection of their scalp cover.

Another thing which jarred on the boy's feelings was that the new boarder was altogether too familiar on first acquaintance. He was unduly confidential, and in turn tried to draw out a similar confidence from his table partner. Now Frank was known to be uncommonly reserved in his manners. He never started a discussion at the table or elsewhere, but he quietly took in all that went on around him. This fact had become so noticeable at the boarding house that many of the boarders alluded to him as the Sphinx. The general impression was that he had a wise head on his young shoulders.

After all, this is an excellent feature in one's make-up, for you will never regret what you never say, but very often a foolish expression will lead to embarrassing results. Mr. Cates had half finished his dinner when Frank came down, but he prolonged his stay at the table until Cole finished his meal, and then he followed him upstairs and invited him into his room, which was a larger and much better furnished one than the messenger boy's.

"You will have to excuse me, Mr. Cates, but I have an engagement this evening."

"Five minutes one way or the other won't make any difference," insinuated the new boarder, as he threw open the door of his apartment.

"Five minutes makes a considerable difference sometimes," replied the boy, making no movement to enter the other's room.

"When a man is going to be hanged—yes," laughed Mr. Cates, softly. "Come in a minute anyway," added the new boarder, linking his arm in Cole's, and, much against his desire, Frank was ushered into the large and airy square room which adjoined his own modest hall sleeping den.

"Take a seat, Cole, and make yourself comfortable," indicating the easy chair. "I s'pose you smoke? Here's some of the best Turkish coffin-nails on the market—real imported from Smyrna," and he offered Frank a fancy box of gold-banded cigarettes.

"Thank you, I don't smoke," replied the boy, politely refusing to indulge.

"Oh, you mean you don't smoke cigarettes. I don't know as I blame you. It's a mighty bad habit. Allow me to substitute a prime Henry Clay cigar."

"I don't smoke at all," answered Cole, firmly.

"Do you mean that?" asked Mr. Cates, in some surprise.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink?"

"I do not."

"May I inquire if you are a member of the Young Men's Christian Association?" with a covert sneer.

"I am; but I don't think that has anything to do with it."

"That's right," replied Mr. Cates, turning the matter off. "You work in Wall Street, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Brokerage firm, eh?" continued the new boarder, carelessly. "What name did you say?"

"I didn't say," replied the boy, grimly.

"Oh, yes, good joke! Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled Mr. Cates. "Well, what is the name of your respected employers?"

The question was too direct to be parried, and as there was no particular reason why he shouldn't answer it, other than an indisposition to gratify the new boarder's curiosity, he answered:

"John Mills."

"Mills, eh?" and once more Mr. Cates laughed, softly.

Cole said nothing.

"Whereabouts on Wall Street is your office?"

"No. —."

"Does your employer deal in bonds as well as stocks?"

"He does."

"Well, a friend of mine has some Third Avenue Railroad 4's he is about to sell. If you think you could make a commission on the trade I'll steer you next to him."

"I'm much obliged, Mr. Cates, but it would be better if your friends called on Mr. Mills direct."

This answer seemed to disappoint the new boarder, and he didn't say anything for a minute or two. Cole took advantage of his silence to rise and say he really had to go or he wouldn't be able to keep his engagement.

"Very well," answered Mr. Cates, also rising and going with him to the door. "I'll see you in the morning at breakfast, I suppose."

"Very likely," replied the boy, politely, and then the door closed behind him and he went to his own room to get ready to go out.

He had arranged to go to the New Amsterdam Theater with a Wall Street friend, a messenger employed by Winslow, the fat broker. They were to meet at half-past seven at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, and Cole made it a point always to be promptly on time. Before he was quite ready he heard Mr. Cates's door open and shut and the new boarder go downstairs. He followed in five minutes, and did not observe that Mr. Cates was standing on the opposite side of the way, smoking one of his Henry Clay perfectos.

Cole started for the elevated station at a brisk pace, and the new boarder kept time with him on the other sidewalk. Both reached the station at the same time, but ascended by different stairs, Mr. Cates carefully keeping in the back-ground until the train came along, when he boarded the car behind that taken by Cole. He kept his eye on the boy and noted that he got up to leave the train at Forty-second Street. He did the same, and followed the young messenger to the street and so on to Broadway, where he observed Cole take his station on the southwest corner.

"Evidently he expects to meet somebody," thought Cates, taking shelter in a convenient doorway. "I wonder where he's bound for?"

That question was presently settled, for Cole's friend came along inside of five minutes, and then Cates shadowed them to the theater.

"What time is the show over?" he asked a small, uniformed dorky in the main entrance.

"Eleben o'clock, sir."

Mr. Cates spent the interval at a well-known billiard and pool room in company with a spruce-dressed individual who joined him there. They left the establishment a few minutes before eleven and strolled along toward the New Amsterdam Theater. The people were beginning to come out when they got near the place, and it wasn't long before Cates singled out Frank Cole and his friend, and pointed him out to his companion. Cole's friend got on a north-bound Broadway car and Cates judged that his fellow-boarder intended to take a south-bound one, instead of walking to the elevated station. Cates and his friend immediately hurried forward to prevent this. The first thing Cole knew he felt a hand on his arm and then heard a voice which sounded familiar in his ear.

"Upon my word, Cole, this is an unexpected pleasure."

The boy turned and found himself face to face with the new boarder.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with a friend of mine, Pyle, this is Mr. Cole."

"Happy to know you, Cole," responded Mr. Pyle, graciously, extending his hand.

Frank bowed politely and shook hands with the gentleman.

"Bound home, eh?" said Cates. "So am I."

"Oh, come now, what's your hurry?" interposed Pyle. "Come over to the corner and have something with me."

"Sorry," replied Cates, with a wink, "but I've had two already to-night and that's my limit. Besides, Cole doesn't drink, and I respect his scruples."

"Well, if you won't, I suppose you won't," replied Pyle, with apparent regret. "At any rate, you'll come as far as Forty-seventh Street with me."

"Sure!" and he linked arms with Cole. "We'll go as far as that with you."

Frank wasn't particularly pleased with this arrangement, but didn't see how he could well back out.

"This is the gentleman I was speaking to you about who has some Third Avenue Elevated bonds for sale," said Cates to the boy as they started up Broadway.

"Yes," chipped in Pyle, "I have several that came to me by the will of my late uncle. I was thinking of disposing of them. I believe they're selling at 94."

"What's the matter with letting Cole have them?" suggested Cates, as if the idea had just struck him. "He works for a stock and bond broker in Wall street, and might get a better price for them through his employer than you could as an outsider."

"That's a good idea," replied Pyle. "He could make a rake-off for himself."

Cole was about to assure Mr. Pyle that he could do fully as well himself with the bonds if he took them to a reputable broker, when a man, apparently intoxicated, staggered out from a dark hallway and stopped in front of the party.

"Shay," he articulated, thickly, "gimme price of a whisky, will yer?"

"Give you nothing," replied Pyle, making a motion to push the fellow away.

"Get out of the way, you bum!" said Cates.

"Whaz zat? Me a bum?"

The fellow suddenly drew something from his pocket and made a blow, not at Cates or Pyle, but at Frank, who had not opened his mouth at all. The boy was taken so completely by surprise in the darkness of the night that the slung-shot caught him alongside the head, and he sank to the pavement senseless.

"I guess I fetched him all right," said the supposed drunken man, with a chuckle.

"You did for fair!" laughed Cates and Pyle, in a breath.

"Well, pick him up and carry him inside. I'll settle my score by and by."

It was the voice of Lawrence Bangs, though it was apparently not his face.

CHAPTER VI.—What Cole Saw and Heard Through the Transom.

When Frank Cole recovered his senses a couple of hours later he became conscious of two things;

first, that he had a racking pain on one side of his head, and, second, that he was lying upon a lounge in a dark room. The inevitable "Where am I?" darted through his mind, and he began to wonder, in an unconnected kind of way, what had happened to him, and whether he was really in possession of his senses, or in the meshes of an unpleasant dream. He lay some little time without stirring, trying to bring order out of chaos, as it were. Then he sat up and brought his feet to the floor.

"If this is a dream, it beats anything of the kind I've ever been up against," he muttered, trying to piece the shadows which enveloped him.

"Gracious! What a pain I've got in my head!"

He got on his feet and walked to what he guessed to be a window with closed-in Venetian blinds. He was not wrong in his surmise. Opening the blinds he looked out on the night and upon a scene strange to his eyes—a succession of back yards extending for a full block.

"I'm certainly not in my room on Twenty-third street," he breathed, in some perplexity. "Then, where am I? And how came I to be here?"

The dim light showed him a pitcher full of water standing in a bowl on its stand. He poured some of the water out and began to bathe his fevered head.

"Why, there's a lump half the size of a hen's egg about my ear," he ejaculated in great surprise. "How did I get that?"

Suddenly, under the soothing influence of the cold water, the events of the evening began to crowd into his brain. As recollection asserted itself, the unexpected meeting with Reginald Cates, the introduction of his friend Pyle, and the walk up Broadway, culminating in the encounter with the drunken man near the corner of Forty-seventh street, unfolded themselves like a panorama before his mental vision.

"I remember now the fellow struck out at me, something seemed to crush in the side of my head, I saw red fire and bright stars, without number, and—then I woke up on that lounge. Cates and his friend must have brought me in here to revive me, and finding the job beyond them have gone for a doctor, perhaps. This must be Mr. Pyle's room. Still, why am I left in the dark?"

Cole thought the proceedings rather strange, but had not yet reached the point of suspecting Mr. Cates and his friend Pyle. The boy walked up and down the room a couple of times, and then it occurred to him that he might just as well leave the room and the house and return to his boarding place.

"What's the use of staying here?" he argued. "Practically I'm all right. I wonder where my hat is?"

He felt around and found it on a chair. Then he walked up to the door, and, much to his surprise, found it locked.

"So I'm locked in," he said, scratching his chin reflectively. "I don't fancy this state of affairs for a red cent."

Just then he heard a door bang downstairs and presently there were steps on the stairs, coming up. Apparently there were two persons ascending, and Cole jumped to the conclusion that they were Mr. Cates and his friend Pyle, coming back to look after him. They were speaking together,

and when they reached the landing outside the door one of them laughed in a peculiar way. Cole expected to hear the rattle of the key in the lock and see the door swing open, but nothing of the kind occurred. A key, however, snapped in an adjacent door and the two men, whoever they were, entered the next door.

The boy heard the scratch of a match, and then the transom above another door, which he had not noticed before because it stood behind the side of the bed, was lit up, and he heard the newcomers walking around the chamber. Cole sat on the edge of the single bed, which filled one side of the room, and hardly had he done so when he distinctly heard his own name mentioned in the next apartment. He jumped up as if he had sat on a hot stove, and listened intently. The men next door had apparently seated themselves, but he could only hear an indistinct hum of words. Finally, overcome by curiosity, and for want of something better to do, the boy softly placed a chair on the bed, leaning against the wall, and mounted to the transom. He found that the button which held it in place was on his side, so he turned it so that he could open the swinging glass pane and look it upon his neighbors.

If he hadn't been a lad of nerve and presence of mind, it is more than probable that he would have betrayed his presence as an eavesdropper to the occupants of the adjoining apartment, so great was his surprise on recognizing one of the individuals as Lawrence Bangs. His companion was Mr. Pyle, the friend of Cates. They appeared to be enjoying themselves, for a small, polished table stood between them, on which was a decanter containing a dark-red liquid, two small glasses, and a box partly filled with cigars of an expensive brand. Although the hands of a handsome bronze clock on the mantelpiece pointed to fifteen minutes of one, neither gentleman showed any disposition of retiring for the night.

"What are you going to do to the boy, anyway, Bangs?" Mr. Pyle was saying, when Cole first got his eyes and ears upon the two, as he leaned back in his chair and sent a couple of smoke rings toward the ceiling.

"What am I going to do to him, eh?" replied the ex-cashier, exposing his even row of regular white teeth through the silk folds of his mustache, in a way that reminded one of the snarl of an angry hyena. "Say, Pyle, what would you do to a measly young monkey who stepped in and spoiled a carefully prepared programme that would have nettled you a cool \$50,000?"

"Well, upon my word, I don't know what I should do to him. I should feel like getting back at him in some way."

"Exactly. You wouldn't rest contented until you had got satisfaction."

"That's about the size of it."

"Very well, we'll say no more about it. You and Cates have performed your parts satisfactorily. The boy is in my power, laid out in the next room. He's safe until morning. After that it's up to me to square my debt with him. Now let's talk about something else. About the money, for instance, of which you relieved Broker Harlow in the cafe to-night, where we found him as drunk as a loon. When Harlow goes on a

night's spree it is a certain sign he is on the eve of engaging in some big deal. I'd give something to know what's on his mind, but there isn't much chance that any outsider will get a line on the workings of his gray matter. Come now, let's see the size of the wad you lifted." Mr. Pyle put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a black pocketbook.

He opened it up and took from a compartment a small pile of bills. Pushing the wallet aside he proceeded to count the money, while the ex-cashier watched him like a hawk.

"Six hundred and thirty dollars," announced Mr. Pyle, in a tone of satisfaction. "That's three hundred and fifteen dollars apiece. I believe. Not so bad," and he divided the amount in two piles, one of which he rolled up and thrust into one of the pockets of his vest, while the other he shoved over toward his companion. Mr. Bangs picked up his share and stowed it away in his clothes with an air of a man used to handling money in quantity. Then he replenished the two glasses from the decanter.

"Here's luck," he said, tossing off his liquor, an example followed by Mr. Pyle.

The ex-cashier set down his glass and took up the pocket-book.

"I wonder if there's anything else of value here?"

He pulled out divers slips of paper, cards and such like, and proceeded to examine them with some interest. One by one he tossed them aside as amounting to nothing, until he came to the last—a piece of note-paper folded into quarters. He studied the writing on this sheet with peculiar attention.

"Pyle," he said, and there was a note of excitement in his voice, "here is the chance to make a haul on the market if we only had enough money."

"What do you mean?" asked his companion, bending forward.

"I mean I have here a dead open and shut pointer on D. S. & A.—a stock that has been selling 'way down in the twenties for more than a year. This is a personal note from the president of the road to Mr. Harlow, advising him to go the limit on the stock, as developments will be made public in a few days that will boom the securities above the half century mark. This information is a cinch for a speculator with money who can act on it at once. Pyle, we must not let it get by us, if we have to rob a bank."

"Excuse me, I'm not a 'high-toner' of that kind, and I don't think you are either."

"I merely spoke in a figurative sense, Pyle. We must raise some money, anyhow, for this tip is something that only comes to a man once or twice in a lifetime. Now \$5,000 even, invested on the strength of this advance knowledge, on a ten per cent. margin, should bring us in anywhere from \$15,000 to \$30,000 profit. Think of that, Pyle. We could live in clover for some time to come."

"That's what we could," replied Mr. Pyle, eagerly.

"The question is, how are we to raise \$5,000 right away," said the ex-cashier.

"There's those Third Avenue bonds Cates and I got hold of last Monday."

"Where are they?"

"Up in my room. Cates and I were figuring on getting this young Cole to take them down to his office and work them off through his boss, that is, of course, if you were willing to stand for it by letting up on him for a while. You see, if we could put such a deal through, when the bonds were traced afterward, suspicion would fall on Cole, and it would be up to him to explain how they came into his possession. We would be out of the city by that time with our boodle, and Cole would find it a hard job to prove how he was taken in. That would be an easy and safe way for you to get square with him. What do you think of it?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't work. Cole isn't an easy boy to hoodwink. I've had some months' experience with him, and ought to know him pretty well. He's smarter than the general run. If I thought he was likely to bite I'd say go ahead."

"I don't see any other way of raising the money you want," said Mr. Pyle, lighting a fresh cigar. "We could get a cab and take the boy to his boarding house before he recovers his senses, and Cates would explain to him in the morning how a drunken chap laid him out with a slung-shot, and how we brought him home and put him to bed. That ought to make us kind of solid with him. Then, to-morrow night I could call around there with the bonds, Cates would get him into his room, and we would try and talk him into negotiating the bonds for us."

"How do you propose to account for the securities being in your possession?" asked Mr. Bangs.

"I told him to-night, when we were coming up the street, that an uncle of mine willed them to me," snickered Mr. Pyle.

"He might want some proof of that before acting in the matter. I tell you again that boy is not a soft proposition."

"You leave that to me, Bangs. There are fifteen \$1,000 bonds in that lot, worth, at the market price, \$14,000. There isn't hardly a chance they will be missed by their real owner for a couple of months at least. With this Cole as a go-between, I think we stand a fair chance of realizing on the securities. Otherwise I'm afraid they'll prove a dead loss. I advise you to let the boy go under these circumstances, and trust to Cates and I to make capital out of him. If we fail there are more ways than one of killing a cat."

Bangs, however, was opposed to giving up the advantage he had, but after further argument Mr. Pyle succeeded in winning him over.

"Revenge is all right in its way, Bangs, but cold cash is better. By resigning Cole to us there is a very fair chance that we shall be able to bring \$14,000 instead of \$5,000 to bear on this stock deal you have in sight, and that would mean three times the profit you had in mind, wouldn't it?"

"I'm not over-sanguine that you will succeed in bringing the bond issue to a satisfactory focus, Pyle; but as I don't see any other chance of raising the money within the limited time it would be of use in this D. S. & A. deal, why, I'll agree to let you have your way and see how you come out," said the ex-cashier.

"All right. We'll lose no time, then, for it's

half-past one now. I'll go and hunt up a cab, while you take a look at the boy."

Cole, from his post of observation, saw that the conference was over, and lest he be caught napping, descended from the fanlight, removed the chair and threw himself on the lounge in an easy position, closing his eyes and feigning to be still unconscious when he heard the sound of the key turning in the lock.

CHAPTER VII.—What Cole Does With His Pointers on D. S. & A.

Mr. Bangs entered the room, struck a match and looked at the young messenger attentively.

"He's good for another hour or two yet," he muttered, loud enough for the boy to hear.

Then he went out, locking the door after him.

"So I've been the victim of a put-up job, engineered by that rascal Bangs for the purpose of getting me into his power so he could do me up somehow in revenge for the spoke I put in his wheel the time he struck down Mr. Mills in his office and hoped to skip with a bag full of money and securities. The object of our new boarder, Mr. Reginald Cates, is clear enough to me now. He took the room on purpose to get in with me. Looks as if that apparently accidental meeting with him and his friend Pyle was arranged beforehand. They must have got wind of my movements. Very likely Cates shadowed me from the boarding house to the theater, then reported the fact to Bangs, who arranged the plan which was afterward carried out. And now Bangs is going to let me go so that Cates and Pyle can work the bond matter through me. Well, I won't do a thing to the three of them when I get out of this. I'll give them a surprise that will make their hair curl. Bangs evidently lives in this house under an assumed name. No doubt but he wears a disguise when he goes out. I must try and identify the house when they take me away, so that I can tip off the police and have our late cashier taken into custody. As for Cates and Pyle, they'll be easy to catch, since they will have no suspicions that I am on to their little game. I could almost laugh when I think how taken aback those three rascals will be. Bangs wasn't wrong when he told Mr. Pyle that I wasn't an easy proposition. They'll find I'm a mighty hard one."

Cole was so thoroughly tickled that the idea of turning the table on the three rascals that he quite forgot about the pointer in D. S. & A. which he had overheard from the lips of Lawrence Bangs. It wasn't likely that it would entirely slip his attention. When he got to thinking over that interview between Bangs and Pyle again it would not fail to electrify his attention and set him to figuring how he could make use of it himself.

In the course of perhaps twenty minutes a cab stopped in front of the house into which Cole had been taken three hours before, and Mr. Pyle got out and went upstairs. Five minutes afterward he and Bangs carried the apparently unconscious messenger boy downstairs, out on the street and deposited him inside the vehicle. Then they got inside themselves, after Mr. Pyle had given

the driver his directions, and the cab turned around and rolled away downtown.

"Cates agreed to wait for me at the 'Criterion,' which keeps open all night," said Mr Pyle. "He has a night-key to the boarding-house."

"All right," replied Bangs.

They picked up Cates at the place in question, and there was no further stop until the boarding-house was reached. Then Cates and his friend Pyle lifted the inert form of Cole between them and carried him up the stoop to the front door. Cates' night-key admitted them to the house. After that it was a simple matter to convey the boy to his room, undress him and put him to bed in the dark. This business having been satisfactorily concluded, Pyle alone returned to the cab and drove away uptown with Bangs. As soon as Cole had been left to himself he chuckled grimly. Then he started to lay his plans for the morrow with a feeling of immense satisfaction, but in the midst of the operation he fell asleep. He was dressing himself next morning when Cates walked into his room without knocking.

"Well, Cole," he exclaimed, with apparent cordiality, "how do you feel this morning after the knockout you got last night from that drunken loafer? Upon my word, he fetched you an awful crack on the nut. You dropped as if a horse had kicked you, and while we were trying to revive you the old soak disappeared. We carried you to a doctor, and he worked on you a while without any impression. Finally he told us to take you home and put you to bed, that you probably would be all right by morning. I'm jolly glad to see that he was right."

Mr. Cates reeled off his tissue of lies as glibly as though it were gospel truth, and Cole, in pursuance to his plans, pretended to accept the situation as set forth by the schemer.

"Pyle is a good fellow," went on Cates, enthusiastically. "I never saw him take so much interest in the welfare of anybody as he did in you last night after you were laid out. Treated you just as if you were his brother. Seems to have taken a shine to you. You'll find Pyle all to the good."

Then they went downstairs to breakfast, and after the meal Cole took the elevated train for Rector street. It was while he was seated in his customary seat in the reception room of the office that he suddenly thought of the house on upper Broadway. It came to him like a flash, and he wondered how it could have scaped his attention until that moment. He hastened to look up the previous day's record of the stock. Something like 2,500 shares had changed hands at 20 5-8. "At that figure I have money enough now, thanks to the thousand Mr. Mills presented me with yesterday, to buy six hundred on a ten per cent. basis. I think I'll make a few inquiries and see what I can learn. First, I want to discover if the president of the D. S. & A. and Mr. Harlow are warm personal friends. If they are I may safely conclude it is a genuine pointer, in which case I will venture my little boodle, sink or swim, on the probability of D. S. & A. getting a boom on. At any rate, I want to get in on the deal on the ground floor and make a ten-strike while I'm about it."

As luck would have it, Harlow himself came in

just before ten to see if Mr. Mills had come downtown yet. He looked rather seedy, as if he had been drinking heavily.

"No, sir," replied Frank, in answer to his inquiry, "he hasn't arrived yet, but he is likely to call any minute."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when in walked Mr. Mills.

"Hello, Harlow," he said, cordially greeting the visitor, "glad to see you. What is the matter with you? You look as if you'd been pulled through a knothole. Been celebrating something?"

"A little quiet toot, Mills, that's all," replied the broker, with a sickly smile. "I'll be all right as soon as I get to the Exchange."

"Well, come in to the office."

Ten minutes later Mr. Harlow left the office. Then, buzz went the boss' bell and Frank hastened to answer the summons.

"Tell Mr. Briggs to give you those certificates of D. S. & A. stock he'll find in the safe, wrap them up and take them with this memorandum over to Harlow's office and hand them to his cashier."

"Yes, sir," replied Cole, promptly, hastening to obey instructions.

Evidently, Harlow was beginning to gather in D. S. & A. and the fact struck the messenger boy as a significant confirmation of the pointer he had in mind. When he returned from delivering the stock at Mr. Harlow's office, another message awaited Frank, and so it was almost without intermission until noontime, when there came a breathing spell to him. Ascertaining that Mr. Mills was in his office, and not engaged with a visitor, he made bold to enter and ask for a few minutes of his employer's time.

"Well, Frank, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Mills, with a smile.

"I want to consult you on a very important matter, sir."

"Indeed. Well, I will listen to you."

"In the first place, I want to tell you that I have discovered the hiding-place of Mr. Bangs."

The broker looked at him incredulously.

"That's more than the police have succeeded in doing, though I understand there are several detectives on the case."

"Can't help that, sir. I saw Mr. Bangs myself last night with my own eyes, and I think that's pretty good evidence."

"It ought to be; but might you not have been mistaken? A similarity in appearance may have deceived you. One can't be too careful when identifying a person wanted by the authorities."

"If you will permit me to tell my story, about a curious and rather unpleasant adventure I had last night, you will be better able to judge how correct I am in saying that it was actually Mr. Bangs, our late cashier, whom I saw."

"Go on, Frank. You interest me. I would give five hundred dollars to see that person put behind the bars."

"I hardly think it will cost you five hundred cents to satisfy that desire, unless Mr. Bangs is clever enough to give the police the slip a second time."

Thereupon the boy told his story of his night's experiences, beginning with his introduction to Mr. Cates at the supper table of his boarding-house, and winding up with his return to that

domicile in the cab at three in the morning. To say that Mr. Mills was astonished would be putting it very mild indeed.

"It is a very pretty little game these people expect to work through me, but it should be a simple matter to catch them with the goods on them. Pyle intends to bring those stolen Third avenue railroad bonds to our house this evening and hand them over to me, after he and Cates have succeeded in persuading me to make the attempt to dispose of them through this office. I would suggest that a detective be on hand to take charge of both the bonds and the rascals themselves."

"The matter shall be attended to at once. I will communicate immediately with the Wall Street Detective Bureau, and have a man sent here at once to confer with us. Now are you sure you could point out the house in which you say Mr. Bangs is keeping under cover?"

"Yes, sir, I can."

"On Broadway, near Forty-seventh street?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Mills seized his deck 'phone and rang up the bureau in question, which was located at No. 13 Wall Street. The answer he received was quite satisfactory.

"A detective will be here in a few minutes," he said to Cole.

While they were waiting, Frank took down a copy of Poor's Manual of Railroads and looked to see who was president of the D. S. & A. road. It was John Ward Slocum.

"Did you ever hear Mr. Harlow speak of John W. Slocum, president of the D. S. & A. Railroad?" the boy asked Mr. Mills.

"Why do you ask? Mr. Harlow is a personal friend of Mr. Slocum's."

"I just wanted to know if they were acquainted," replied Frank, carelessly.

At that point the detective came in. Cole went all over his story again for his benefit, and answered frankly whatever questions were put to him by the sleuth. A plan of operations was then decided on for the evening, after which the detective took his departure and Cole went to his lunch. He took with him the envelope containing the \$1,000 received from Mr. Mills and then he drew \$260, practically his entire savings, from the bank. He hurried to the office of Broker Winslow and ordered the margin clerk to purchase 600 shares of D. S. & A., at 21, on a ten per cent. margin, depositing \$1,260 to secure the broker against loss. Then he went to a restaurant, conscious he was in to win big money or go flat broke.

CHAPTER VIII.—Reginald Cates and His Friend Pyle Are Rounded Up.

Directly after dinner that evening a sharp-eyed man, dressed like a prosperous person of business, called at the boarding-house and inquired for Frank Cole. He was shown up to the boy's room. Fifteen minutes later Cole knocked on Cates' door, in accordance with an invitation extended by the new boarder, and accepted by Frank, and was told to walk in. Cates was reading an evening paper and smoking a Turkish cigarette.

"Sorry you don't smoke, Cole," he said, as he

threw down the paper. "It's so much more sociable, don't you know?"

"I don't think it is absolutely necessary to smoke in order to be sociable," replied Frank. "I regard it as a mighty bad habit, especially for boys."

"I won't say it isn't, but do you know I take a heap of comfort out of a cigarette," grinned Cates, lighting a fresh one, with great relish.

"I'm willing you should, but as for myself I feel just as comfortable without the article."

"I'm afraid the cigarette trust would go out of business if it had to depend on abstainers like you."

"There'd be one trust less, then, for the papers to kick at."

"Do you know there were several billions of cigarettes sold last year, and it was an off year at that."

"Well, I'll take your word for it. I know I didn't buy any of them, so the statistics don't interest me."

"I bought my share, and smoked 'em, too, and you can see I'm still trying to keep my end up. By the way, have you thought any more about those Third avenue railroad bonds which Pyle is going to sell? You might just as well make a few dollars by handling them as not. Your boss will surely allow you a small rake-off for putting a deal of that kind in his way."

"He might, that's true," replied Cole, thoughtfully.

"Sure he would," said Cates, in a tone of satisfaction, thinking the boy was coming around. Then to clinch the matter he added: "I've no doubt but Pyle will make it an object for you to take the matter off his hands. Pyle, you see, is a poor business man. He's afraid these Wall Street brokers will skin him somehow, take advantage of him, you know. Now you, being connected with a broker, can sell his securities to the best advantage, and he's satisfied he'll get all that's coming to him if you engineer the sale."

"I'll guarantee he'll get all that's coming to him if he puts the bonds in my hands," replied Cole, significantly.

"Then you'll agree to take them and do the best you can with them?" exclaimed Cates, joyfully.

"Yes, if your friend Mr. Pyle will assure me that they're all right."

"Of course he will, and I'll guarantee whatever he says is all right."

"That is satisfactory. You see Mr. Mills or any other broker will not purchase bonds unless he has a reasonable assurance that the person offering them for sale has a right to do so."

"Pyle will be able to convince you of his right to those bonds. He says he'll fetch an attested copy of his uncle's will. That ought to be evidence enough for any reasonable person."

"You expect Mr. Pyle this evening, you say?"

"Sure thing."

"And will he bring those bonds?"

"Of course, he will."

"What is the total market value of the bonds he wants to sell?"

"Fourteen thousand one hundred dollars."

"And do you think he would allow me the odd hundred dollars for my services?"

"Sure as you live he would."

At that point there was a tap on the door.

"Come in," said Cates.

Whereupon in marched his friends Mr. Pyle.

"Glad to see you, Cole," he said, genially. "How do you feel after the knock you had on the head?"

"I feel as if I'd like to get back at the chap who handed it out to me."

"I'm afraid you'll miss that pleasure," laughed Pyle, with a wink at his friend. "What do you think, Cates?"

"I think so, too," with a grin, as he lighted another cigarette, and then offered the box to Pyle. "Did you bring those bonds with you? Cole and I have been talking over the matter of their sale, and he says if you'll give him one hundred dollars——"

"Why, certainly," replied Pyle, in an offhand way, "and if that isn't enough I don't mind doubling that figure. I can afford it."

"There, Cole, what did I tell you? Nothing mean about my friend Pyle. Did you bring the copy of your uncle's will from the Registry Office?"

"By Jove! If I didn't go and forget it, may I be——"

"Don't swear, Pyle. Cole will forgive you, but you must get it, you know. It's all right, of course, but there's nothing like the proof of the pudding, ain't that right, Cole?"

Frank nodded, highly amused at the efforts of the two rascals to throw him off his guard.

"They must think I'm soft to be so easily taken in," he thought. "Talk about confidence games, these chaps are trying to put it all over me. I believe Cates has made up his mind that I'm a yap after all."

After some more light and airy talk, Mr. Pyle produced the fifteen \$1,000 Third avenue four per cent. bonds.

"I wouldn't mind if one of my relatives left me some of that same stuff," remarked Cates, with one of his cheerful grins; "but I'm afraid there's no such luck in store for me."

"They look good, don't they?" said Pyle, spreading the bonds out on the table.

"You might present a fellow with one of them to remember you by," said Cates, playfully.

"You're altogether too modest, Cates. Would one be enough?"

"I think one would be ample sufficiency."

"I should dread the effect upon you of coming into possession of a whole thousand plunks all at one time. You might drop dead, Cates, and then I should never forgive myself."

"Come in!" shouted Cole at this point.

"What's the matter? I didn't hear any one knock," said Cates, as both he and his friend glanced at the door.

The door opened just the same and the sharp-eyed, prosperous-looking man who had been shown to Cole's room, walked into the apartment as if he really had a right there.

"Gentlemen," said Frank, smothering a grin, "let me introduce you to a friend of mine. Mr. Cates, this is Mr. Shaw."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Shaw," said Cates, a bit doubtfully.

"The pleasure is mutual, sir," replied the visitor, grimly.

"Mr. Pyle, Mr. Shaw," continued Frank.

"Happy to know you, sir," said Pyle, with an inward oath.

"The happiness is mutual, Mr. Pyle," in a tone that Cates' friend did not relish.

"I thought you would be pleased to know Mr. Shaw," went on Cole, with a quiet chuckle.

"Of course," said Cates, with apparent cordiality. "Any friend of yours, Cole, is as welcome as the flowers in spring."

"Mr. Shaw is a gentleman of some local celebrity," said Cole, cheerfully.

"Ah, a politician, perhaps?" remarked Pyle.

Frank shook his head.

"No," he said, "not a politician."

"Not an actor?" asked Cates, looking hard at their visitor.

"Mr. Shaw is connected with the Wall Street Detective Bureau."

"What!" gasped the two confidence operators, in a breath.

"Mr. Shaw is one of the smartest detectives," repeated Frank, suavely. "He is also an excellent judge of bonds. Would you mind looking at these Third avenue securities which Mr. Pyle says was willed to him by his late uncle, and see if they bear any resemblance—the numbers, I mean—to the numbers of fifteen certificates of Third avenue railroad stock which were this afternoon reported as stolen from the home of Mr. Archibald Mallison, of No. — Madison avenue last Monday."

Mr. Shaw deftly produced a notebook from his pocket and began to consult a list of figures upon a certain page, while Cates and Pyle sat back in their chairs, aghast. The sleuth checked off each of the fifteen certificates until he had accounted for the whole number, when he shut up his notebook with a smack, returned it to his pocket and rose to his feet.

"Mr. Pyle and Mr. Cates, you will consider yourselves under arrest," he said in sharp, decisive tones.

"Under arrest!" exclaimed the two young men, springing to their feet in a wild-eyed and half-aggressive manner.

"Put on your hats, both of you!" answered Mr. Shaw, sharply.

"But, sir, this is an outrage!" cried Mr. Cates.

"An infernal outrage!" coincided Mr. Pyle.

"Will you go quietly, or must I call for assistance?" returned the unmoved detective.

"I suppose this is your doings, Cole?" snarled Cates, turning suddenly on the young messenger.

Frank did not appear to have heard the remark.

"You'll live to regret it, my young covey," hissed Pyle, with a malevolent look, as both were marched downstairs by the detective, out on the sidewalk and into a waiting carriage, the driver of which immediately drove off.

Cole followed the party out of the house and was joined on the sidewalk by two Central Office men. The three started off, took a car uptown and to a certain house, where Cole said he had been imprisoned. The house in question was the one in which Cole stated the cashier, Bangs, had a room. The landlady, however, stated that the gentleman in question had not shown up yet. The officers shadowed the house for several days, but no Bangs appeared. In the meantime the stock of D. S. & A. began booming and Frank bought 600 shares, and told Daisy Lee about it.

The stock continued to advance, and when Frank thought it time to sell he did so, making the sum of \$10,000 by his successful coup.

CHAPTER XI.—Cole Makes Another Ten-Strike.

On the day following his successful coup on the market, Frank Cole was summoned before the Grand Jury to give his evidence against Reginald Cates and his friend Pyle, who were still in the Tombs, no one having come forward to bail them out. A true bill was found against the rascals, and the case went to the district-attorney's office. No trace yet had been found of Lawrence Bangs, so it was presumed that he had skipped the town. At any rate, Cole hoped he had for his own peace of mind, but something told him that the scoundrel had him marked for revenge. Daisy Lee was the only one who had any knowledge at all of Frank's finances, and she was pledged to secrecy. Of course, Broker Winslow had some general idea, but he wasn't saying anything. Mr. Mills would have been very much surprised indeed if somebody had communicated to him the information that his messenger had just cleared \$12,000 in a stock deal.

In fact, it is more than probable he would have considered it his duty to read the boy a lecture on the foolishness of one so young and comparatively inexperienced in the pitfalls of the stock market risking his savings in the uncertain maelstrom of speculation. But Mr. Mills remained in ignorance of his messenger's operations, and so the boy missed the lecture. Frank spent an hour or two nearly every night of the week now studying reports of Wall Street transactions. One of the boarders coming into his room unexpectedly one night caught him working away at a page full of figures.

"What are you delving into now?" he asked Cole. "Don't you get enough of that kind of thing all day?"

"I'm figuring how to turn one dollar into five," grinned the young messenger.

"That's as interesting as searching for the philosopher's stone. How are you making out at it?"

"All right."

"What's the secret?"

"The secret is to know when to catch hold and when to let go," the boy replied, enigmatically.

"What do you mean by that?"

"If you can find out when a certain stock is going to go up, you want to jump in and buy some of it. Then when it booms you want to keep your eyes skinned lest the bottom fall out of it and your profits go up in smoke."

"Oh!" ejaculated his visitor, not much wiser than before.

"By following the market closely you can very often tell when a stock has reached rock bottom and is due for a reverse movement. Then there are certain general rules that regular traders keep in mind."

"After an extreme weak market it is in order to buy stocks."

"Oh, is it?"

"Yes. You see, when prices close weak, with-

out support, a rally may be expected next morning."

"Say, Cole, are you going to be a broker some day?"

"I might do worse."

"Well, you couldn't do much worse than I'm doing," grumbled the clerk, confidentially.

"I shouldn't imagine so by your swell appearance when you get inside your best duds," smiled Frank.

"A fellow has got to dress, you know, when he goes into society."

"I don't see how you do it if you aren't making money."

"It takes a lot of close figuring to do it, but it helps you in the long run. Appearances go a long way in this world. Lots of people take you at your own valuation. You may carry a big wad in your pocket, but if you go around looking like a bum you'll get the frozen countenance."

"That's no lie," admitted Cole.

"I suppose I couldn't touch you for a dollar, could I?"

"Do you want it very badly?"

"If I were to talk for a week I couldn't tell you how badly I need it."

"All right, I'll let you have it, but please remember I'm not in the money-lending business," and he handed out a bill.

"Thank you, Cole, I shan't forget this favor."

"Don't let it worry you any."

The boarder, having obtained what he came after, withdrew, and Cole was glad to get rid of him even at the price. Next day the boy learned that a syndicate of brokers was being organized to corner a certain stock. He couldn't find out who the brokers were, but he kept his eye on the stock, which had been fluctuating around 65 for some time. It was a good stock, and on comparing prices months back he found that the securities seemed to be below their normal average. However, he wasn't taking too many chances, and he waited to see what would develop. Inside of the week the stock, which was known as Texas Central, advanced two points. On the strength of that Cole bought 1,500 shares at 67, putting up something over \$10,000 in margins.

Two days later it was selling at 70. During the following week it climbed slowly to 80. By that time it had attracted attention, and there was a rush by outside brokers to buy it in. Finally, when it reached a fraction above 85, Cole telephoned Mr. Winslow to sell. The order was executed inside of five minutes, and the boy quit winner by \$27,000, which raised his bank balance to \$40,000. A few days later Texas Central was slaughtered by the bears, and Cole patted himself on the back because he had gone out with the other lucky ones.

CHAPTER XII.—A Chase Over the Roofs.

About a week later the trial of Cates and Pyle came on, and Cole, who had been served with a subpoena from the district-attorney's office, was one of the chief witnesses for the prosecution. The trial didn't take long, and the jury promptly convicted the rascals. The judge sentenced them at once to three and five years respectively in the State prison, and that wound these dapper crooks

up as far as the young messenger was concerned. On the following morning Cole received a check of \$500 through the mail. It came, with a polite note of thanks, from the owner of the Third Avenue Railroad bonds, who thus recognized the boy's instrumentality in the recovery of his property. It was a part of Frank's daily duty to take the checks, and whatever cash came into the office, to the bank just before three o'clock. He performed this journey as regular as clock-work, using a small leather bag whenever he had a considerable quantity of bills, which was not often, as most of Mr. Mills' customers settled their balances, or deposited their margin, in checks.

One day, however, a big Western man, with a heavy mustache and goatee, and a cowboy kind of hat, walked into the office and bought a number of United States bonds, paying \$25,000 in big bills for the same; consequently, when Cole went to the bank that afternoon he carried the bag, and was more than ordinarily careful to see that nobody who looked at all suspicious got near enough to him to make a snatch at it. He breathed easier when he reached the door of the bank, and congratulated himself that all danger was over now. It happened that a man who knew all about Frank's methods, and who had been watching him at this particular time for more than two weeks past, was close at his heels when the boy started to enter the bank. Suddenly he made a start forward, shook something in the boy's face, which made him cry out with sudden pain, and then snatched the bag out of his hand. The thief turned about to make his escape, and ran smack into the arms of the fat broker Winslow. The shock upset the broker and the rascal went down with him. He was up in a moment, however, and took to his heels. The stoppage enabled Cole to partly recover himself. Though his eyes smarted as if they had been exposed to coals of fire, for the man had thrown a handful of fine cinnamon dust into his face, only a very small part of which, fortunately, had lodged around his eyes, he saw the fleeing rascal plainly enough, and started after him at his best speed. The cry of "Stop thief!" soon attracted others to join in the chase, and the scoundrel, seeing he was certain to be overhauled, darted in at an open door of a four-story office building and ran upstairs, evidently bent on reaching the roof.

"Drop it!"

It was Cole who uttered the cry as he made a spring for the door. Slam! went the door square in his face. A bound, a crash, and the door flew in again as Frank's weight came against it. Half way up the first flight of stairs Cole saw the fleeing thief, with the bag swinging by his side, darting up toward the landing.

"Stop, you rascal!" he roared up at the fellow taking the flight three steps at a time, but the scoundrel never slackened his speed, nor even looked behind. Another moment and he had disappeared above, but the boy kept right on and caught a glimpse of his quarry as the fellow turned at the head of the next flight of steps.

"You can't get away, so you'd better give up!" he shouted after him.

He fancied the thief would be forced to make a stand somewhere, or would go into one of the upper offices. The bearded face of the fugitive, turned back for an instant, was flushed, but he

didn't stop, being determined to get away if possible. Cole, being the younger and more active of the two, gained rapidly. The rest of the pursuers stopped short below at the door, leaving the burden of the capture to the brave boy who had started the hue and cry from the door of the bank.

"Are you going to give in?" asked the boy when the last flight of stairs was reached.

The thief was at the head, Cole at the foot.

"No!" snarled a voice that had a familiar ring to Frank.

"I've got you cornered."

"You think you have."

Both, as if by mutual consent, had paused to take breath after their strenuous exertions.

"I don't see how you're going to get away," replied Cole. "Better come down and surrender yourself, and save me the trouble of going up after you."

"Bah! If you think you can catch me, come up and try it!" jibed the fugitive.

It was rather dark up where he stood, and Frank began to suspect that the fellow was armed with a knife or some other weapon, he seemed to be so confident. But the boy didn't mean he should get away with that bag containing over \$25,000 in cash and a bunch of checks, too. He began to ascend the last flight.

The fugitive vanished. As Cole struck the top of the stairs there was a sudden inflod of light above. A short ladder led up to the roof. The thief had noticed it, fled up the rungs and opened the scuttle. Once on the other side, he slammed the cover down into its place and fled over the housetops. Cole was up that ladder like a monkey. He slammed down the lid and sprang onto the roof in time to see the fugitive scurrying across the third building. Then he gave chase again. The thief, looking over his shoulder, saw him coming and went quicker. Once or twice he stooped down at a scuttle cover and tried it, but in each case found it fast. He lost half his distance by these ineffectual stoppages, and Frank felt like laughing outright, especially as he saw the fellow couldn't run much further, owing to a sudden drop of a full story between two buildings. Confident he had the rascal in a trap, Cole reduced his speed to a walk. The fugitive became aware of the predicament he was in. He might jump, it is true, but then he would be caught for fair, as he couldn't shin up the bare brick side of the far building. He took refuge behind a thick chimney and waited for Cole to come up. The boy stopped a few feet away.

"Well, are you prepared to surrender?" he asked, with a grin.

"No."

"How are you going to avoid capture?"

"None of your business."

"I rather guess you'll find it is my business."

"Why don't you catch me, then?"

"I'm going to in a minute."

He walked up close to the chimney and made a sudden grab for the bag which stuck out on one side.

"No, you don't!" hissed the fellow, snatching it out of reach of the boy's fingers. "You can't have it."

Cole laughed.

"Can't, eh? Why, I have you cornered for fair."

"Don't you fool yourself."

"Oh, I'll catch you, don't you fret," replied the boy in a determined tone.

"Let me know when you do."

"You'll know it all right. The longer you hold me off the harder I'm going to make it for you."

The man was flushing and perspiring, but as defiant as ever. Cole now noticed there was something out of gear about his full beard which hid the larger part of his face.

"He's disguised all right!" he thought. "If I grabbed him by the whiskers they'd come away in my hand. I wonder what he looks like without them?"

The fellow put his hand up and readjusted his hairy face covering.

"What's the matter with your beard?" chuckled Frank. "It does not seem to fit tight."

"Yah!" snarled the rascal.

"Come now, don't be foolish! The jig is up," said the boy, watching his quarry like a cat does a mouse.

The fugitive blinked back at him wrathfully. Suddenly he made a bluff as if about to dash around the chimney, and Cole jumped to head him off, his foot caught in a projecting bit of tin, and down he went, sprawling, on all fours. The thief, quick to take advantage of his pursuer's plight, darted the other way and started back along the roofs.

CHAPTER XIII.—Captured at Last.

But Cole recovered himself in a jiffy and was soon in full chase of the fugitive again. Frank was pretty mad by this time, and he took the low brick extensions between the buildings at a flying leap, and never paused in his effort to overtake the man before he reached the open scuttle. Much to the boy's surprise the fellow made no attempt to return down the scuttle, but flew past the opening at full speed. Right ahead one of the buildings rose half a story higher than the others. An active man might reach the gutter ledge, but it would be beyond him to scale the fire wall. The fugitive made straight for the building as if he proposed butting right into it. Then he veered his course toward the rear. Reaching the extreme end he slung the bag over his arm, jumped up and caught hold of the iron gutter, and began to work himself along. It was a daring and hazardous feat, requiring great nerve, for there was a clear drop of five stories to the back space below.

Cole gazed after him in astonishment.

"He almost deserves to escape," he breathed, as he came to a stop within a yard of the fugitive, who was pulling himself further and further away by the mere strength alone of his fingers.

"Come back, you fool!" Frank shouted after him. "If one of those supports give way you'll be dashed to certain death."

The fugitive paid no attention to him, but kept right on.

"Well it's up to me to follow him if I expect to get that bag back. I hate to trust myself to that gutter, but I don't see any other way."

He had the advantage of being several pounds

lighter than the thief, and if the gutter supported the fellow's weight it certainly ought to sustain him. The gutter was composed of joined sections, three or four feet long.

"It won't do for both of us to strike a section together," thought Cole.

He swung himself out into the air and commenced his dangerous trip. The sensation was far from agreeable, swinging at such a height in mid-air by the hands alone.

"By George!" thought Frank, all of a sudden, the perspiration coming out on his forehead at the thought. "When that chap arrives at the other end and steps onto the roof he'll have me dead to rights. He can push me down, if he's strong enough."

To try and avoid such a catastrophe, supposing the rascal thought of it, hastened his movements, and was within a few feet of the end when the fugitive obtained a foothold on the roof beyond.

"Now I've got you, Frank Cole," cried the disguised man, as he swung himself to safety. "I'm going to settle scores with you!"

He turned about and reached forward to tear the boy's nearest arm away from the gutter, when, like a flash, Frank swung his foot upward and fetched him a kick in the side which staggered him. Before he could recover his former advantage, Cole had secured a partial foothold himself and fairly forced himself onto the roof and grabbed the villain by the arms. In the struggle they went down on the roof, perilously near the edge, which had no protecting coping. For a moment it was touch and go with both of them. It looked as though they would go over the edge and meet a horrible death, locked in each other's arms. But fate willed it otherwise. They rolled the other way and Cole leaped upon the thief's back and held him down.

"I guess I've got you now, mister man," he said, grimly.

The fellow struggled vainly to throw his captor.

Cole grabbed the beard and yanked it away from the rascal's face. The revelation almost staggered him. He found himself gazing down into the scowling face of Lawrence Bangs.

The ex-cashier gave him a look of extreme hate.

"You've got me on the hip, but don't fancy you'll escape me in the long run. I've sworn to fix you for spoiling me that day at the office, and I'll do it if it takes years to reach you."

"It won't be my fault if you don't reach a cell before dark."

Bangs, with a sudden squirm, tried to throw Cole, but the attempt was a failure.

"I've got a strangle hold on you, Lawrence Bangs, and I don't mean you shall escape me."

"It won't do you any good. We're alone up here. You dare not let go of me for a minute. We're likely to stay this way till you get tired," said Bangs, with an evil laugh.

"You'll get tired first, Lawrence Bangs," said Frank, grabbing the leather bag and wrenching it from his arm. "Now I'm going to pound your face to a pelly unless you give in, see?"

Cole raised his fist, and the look in his eyes showed the ex-cashier that the boy meant business. Another struggle ensued, during which Frank managed to get in a couple of hard whacks on Bang's nose, and the fellow weakened.

"Hold on, I'll give up."

"Do you mean that?"

"I can't help myself."

"That's right, you can't."

He reached around and drew the ex-cashier's handkerchief from his pocket and told him to hold his hands so he could tie them.

"I object to that," the rascal said.

"You've got to do it or take the consequences," replied Cole, raising his clenched fist.

"Blast you!"

"Save your breath. Curses, like pigeons, always come home to roost. Hold up your hands."

Bangs yielded with very bad grace indeed. Then Cole let him up. At this point an adjacent scuttle was opened up and a workman stuck his head up through the opening.

"Hello!" he asked, "what are you fellows doing up there?"

"I've caught a thief that's all. Now I want you to help me get him to the sidewalk."

"Don't you believe him!" cried Bangs. "He's the thief himself, and has overcome me. That's my bag he's got in his hands."

The audacity of this statement almost took the boy's breath away. As for the workman, with his body half in, half out of the scuttle, he seemed unable to comprehend the true state of the situation.

"Well, you've got a nerve, Lawrence Bangs," cried Frank. "Look here, sir, he's trying to pull the wool over your eyes," to the newcomer.

The man, however, looked doubtful.

"I demand that you set me free, and hold this fellow for the police," persisted Bangs.

"I'll tell the boss and let him settle the matter."

"But this chap will escape over the roofs," said the ex-cashier.

Cole, thoroughly disgusted, grabbed Bangs and forced him toward the man at the scuttle.

"I'm a broker's messenger," he said to the workman. "This bag contains cash and checks I was taking to the bank when this scoundrel snatched it out of my hand and led me a long chase. You go downstairs and have some one ring up Old Slip police station and ask that a couple of officers be sent here to take charge of Lawrence Bangs, a crooked cashier who has been wanted by the police for two months past. You do that and you'll assist the cause of justice."

"I'll do it," said the man, anxious to get out of the dilemma, one way or another.

"That was a very flimsy dodge you tried on me," said Frank, when the man retired, closing the scuttle after him, "but it didn't work."

Bangs saw the game was up, and he remained sullenly silent. In fifteen minutes two policemen appeared. Cole explained the situation, and gave the ex-cashier into their custody. He went along and made the charge, and had the satisfaction of seeing his enemy locked up, when he returned to the office with the bag and its valuable contents.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Pointer That Daisy Captured.

"Why, where have you been, young man?" asked Cashier Briggs, who was in the act of locking the safe preparatory to going home.

Miss Lee had left, and so had all but one of the clerks.

"I've been having the time of my life," grinned Frank. "Say, you'll have to put the contents of this bag in the safe for the night."

"Why, how's this?" severely. "You couldn't have been too late for the bank. You had plenty of time to get there."

"I reached the door of the bank, all right, but I didn't get inside."

"What's the reason you didn't?"

"If you're ready to hear me I'm ready to explain."

"I'm listening to you."

Then Frank told him the story of his afternoon's adventure.

"Well, well; this is most extraordinary. So you actually caught that man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Mills must hear of this at once. He must have reached home before this. I'll try to reach him over the 'phone. First, open the bag and I'll put the money and checks away, but it's a great deal more money than Mr. Mills would care to keep over night in his safe."

"I know it, sir. But I don't see how, under the circumstances, it can be helped."

"It will have to go on this occasion."

The cashier put the money and checks into the safe, then he rang up the broker's house, reached him, and gave him a brief review of the facts as he had heard them from the young messenger. Mr. Mills was surprised and delighted with the news of the capture of his late cashier. He called Frank to the wire, congratulated him upon what he had done, and asked him to come up to his house after dinner and repeat to him his story. Cole promised that he would, and he kept his word. Next day the broker and his messenger appeared against Bangs in the Tombs police court, and the ex-cashier was held in default of \$10,000 bail, which he was unable to furnish. The papers gave Cole full credit for the capture, and that afternoon all Wall Street was talking about the young Sphinx. The brokers were all glad to hear that Lawrence Bangs had been lodged in jail.

His fate would be a standing warning for any other trusted employee with loose ideas regarding right and wrong. The boy was frequently stopped on the street during the next few days by Wall Street men who knew him, and complimented him for his nerve and courage. On the following Monday, when Frank got back from an errand, about eleven o'clock, and was going through the counting-room to the lavatory to wash his hands, Daisy called him over to her table. The boy saw that her face was flushed with excitement, and he wondered what was in the wind.

"Let me whisper, Frank," she said, eagerly.

"Sure. What's up? Got a new beau?"

"The ideal!" she blushed. "I've got a big secret to tell you."

"You don't mean to say you're going to get married?" he grinned.

"Frank Cole, will you be still!"

"I'm as mute as a mop-stick."

"What will you give me for a real first-class pointer?"

"Is it a sure winner?"

"I'm almost certain it is," she said, earnestly.

"I'll give you a kiss," he laughed.

"You mean, good-for-nothing thing!" she cried, with a pout.

"Thanks, Miss Lee. But what's this pointer?"

"Aren't you going to give me something for it?"

"Is it a tip on the market?"

"Yes."

"All right. If I can use it I'll give you half what I make out of it, and I'll take all the chances."

"Oh, I don't want so much as that. Give me a new hat and a pair of gloves if you use it to advantage."

"You're too modest, Daisy. If your tip is worth anything at all it's worth half of its winnings. I wouldn't take advantage of you for a farm. Now tell me what it is."

"You know Mr. Halstead and Mr. Blake, the big operators of New Street? Well, they were in here this morning to see Mr. Mills. While waiting in the reception-room I overheard them conversing about the deal in which they are engaged. Mr. Halstead and some of his friends are trying to secure control of the Louisville & Midland Railroad. He told Mr. Mills to buy it as low as he could, but to buy it without fail. He said there was just about enough stock held in New York to fill the bill; the rest is held by the present officers and directors and their friends. He told Mr. Mills that a block of 10,000 shares was about to be offered for sale by the estate of a certain Louisville bank president. The executor was opposed to the present management of the road, and had sent the stock to Harris, Morganstein & Webster, of — Exchange Place, to be disposed of here. The ruling price at present is 40."

"Daisy, that's a good tip. I've already heard that those brokers were engineering some mysterious deal, with a heap of capital at their back. I'm going to buy in that block of 10,000 shares if I can reach it."

"The idea! Where would you get \$400,000?"

"I've got something over \$40,000, and that will secure an option on it. If that block should happen to represent the balance of power after the other stock has been accounted for, you and I, Daisy, could make our own terms."

"And how much could we win?"

"How much? How would a quarter of a million strike you?"

"Frank Cole, are you crazy?"

"Yes, I think I am. I feel one of my periodical fits coming on. They always do just before I make a lucky strike."

"You talk silly. I'd be glad to make \$10,000."

"Gee whiz! You're easy. I'll tell you what I'll do with you."

"What?"

"I'll promise to marry you if we don't make \$250,000 on your tip, and if we do make that much or more, you must agree to marry me. How's that?"

"Will you ever stop teasing me?" she said, blushing rosily.

"I want to know if that is a go?"

"No, it isn't."

"Then I don't work the tip."

"Oh, yes, you will!"

"You seem to know all about it."

"I know you wouldn't miss a good thing."

"That's right. That's why I don't want to miss you."

"Aren't you simply horrid!"

"Well, never mind, Daisy. If you think as much of me as I do of you you'll accept me as your future slave when the time comes. I'm going to try to make you rich with my little boodle whether you have me or not. But whether you believe me or not, I tell you right here that I'd sooner win you than your money, and that's straight from the shoulder."

He said it so earnestly that the fair girl watched him with glistening eyes as he walked away.

"He's the best and nicest boy in the world," she said to herself. "I'd sooner marry him without a cent than—than—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the click of her typewriter.

CHAPTER XV.—Bidding for a Stock.

"Good-morning, Mr. Winslow," said Frank Cole, walking into the fat broker's office next morning about a quarter to ten.

"Good-morning, Cole," replied the broker, extending three fingers, as was his custom. "What can I do for you? Going into the market again?"

"I want you to execute a little commission for me, sir."

"Willingly, my boy, willingly."

"There's \$2,500 in this for you at least if——"

"How much?" in surprise.

"I said \$2,500."

"It must be something of an order."

"It is. I want you to go, personally, to Harris, Morganstein & Webster, of No. — Exchange Place, and buy me a block of 10,000 shares of Louisville & Midland at 40, which they have for sale."

"The dickens you do!" replied Mr. Winslow, with a low whistle. "Have you got \$400,000 in your stocking that you're anxious to put into circulation?"

"No, sir; but I can deposit the sum of \$40,000 with you as security that I will see you through the deal."

"Say, young man, you're a peacherina, for fair! You seem to have the mazuma. Have you got it with you?"

"No, sir. I want you to come around to the bank with me now and I'll hand it over."

"All right. Of course you've got a tip. That's plain as pie crust."

"Mr. Winslow, you mustn't suppose anything. I am giving you an order."

"All right, my boy. I hope you won't miss that \$40,000 if you happen to miss fire on this little deal."

"The risk is mine, sir. You'll never hear me squeal if luck fails to nestle on my shoulder."

"You're a nine days' wonder with me, Cole," replied the fat broker, rising and getting his hat. "I feel it in my blood that you're a sure winner on every count."

They went to the bank together and the sum of \$40,000 was transferred to the stout operator's account. When Cole went to lunch he dropped into Mr. Winslow's office and learned that the purchase had been made. When he got back to the office he whispered his success to Daisy.

"Oh, Frank, did you really put up all your money?"

"Honest injun."

"You've made me so nervous. Suppose——"

"Suppose what?"

"Anything should go wrong with Louisville & Midland?"

"Don't worry."

"But I will worry."

"Daisy, you must let the senior partner do that."

"I'm almost sorry I told you what I heard."

"Where's your nerve, little girl? Say nothing and saw wood. I'll attend to the rest."

"But if you should lose your money, Frank," she cried, desperately.

"Will you make it up by becoming Mrs. Cole when I get a new start?"

"Oh, Frank!"

"Yes or no?" and he took her unresisting hand in his.

There was a pause. He bent down over her.

"What is it, little girl?"

"Y-e-s," she fluttered.

He snatched a hasty kiss and flew. Frank had barely got seated in the reception-room again before his employer's bell summoned him to the private office.

"Take this letter to Mr. Winslow. If he isn't at his office, look him up at the Exchange. Bring back an answer."

"Yes, sir," and Cole departed on his errand.

The fat broker was at the Exchange, so the young messenger went on there. Mr. Winslow was summoned to the railing, and Frank delivered the note to him. After he read it he smiled significantly and turned it over to the boy.

"You'll have to dictate the answer, Cole."

This is what Frank said:

"My Dear Winslow: Harris, Morganstein & Webster inform me that you purchased a block of 10,000 shares of Louisville & Midland from them this morning at 40, the ruling figure, presumably for a clique. I am looking for some of the stock and will give 41 for the block in question. Yours,
"Mills."

"Nay, nay, Pauline," replied Cole. "My Louisville & Midland is not for sale at present."

"All right, you're the doctor," laughed Winslow, and he returned a negative answer to John Mills, which Cole delivered.

Next day Louisville & Midland was up to 41 1-2 and when Frank showed the record on the tape to Daisy, she felt much easier in her mind. Although Mr. Mills was much disappointed in having failed to secure the block of stock in question, he succeeded in gathering in about all there was in sight at figures varying from 40 1-8 to 45. Then he and his client had another consultation, and the result was that Mr. Mills offered 46 for the 10,000 shares, through Broker Winslow, who replied that his customer would not sell at that figure. Mr. Halstead and his friends wanted the stock so badly that they raised the ante to 50, but didn't get it at that. That gave them the impression that the opposition had got possession of it. To make sure a letter was sent to Mr. Winslow asking if the stock was for sale, and if so, would the owner name his figure. The fat bro-

ker sent for Cole, who responded at the first chance he had.

"Have you set a figure to your Louisville & Midland, Cole?" Mr. Winslow asked the boy.

"No, sir, not yet."

The broker showed him the letter he had received from Mr. Mills.

"You've got the chance to do it now," he remarked.

"Have you heard from Mr. Buckmaster, the president of the road?"

"Not yet."

"Then tell Mr. Mills that the owner of the stock will consider his proposition and may make an offer in a day or two."

"How much do you expect to make out of this, Cole? You've already refused a clean \$10,000 profit."

"I expect to make all I can. I'll tell better when I hear whether the other side wants the stock or not."

That afternoon a representative of the Buckmaster interests arrived in New York and made a call on Broker Winslow. He had some one to negotiate for the purchase of the 10,000 shares of Louisville & Midland.

"It is up to you to make an offer," said Mr. Winslow. "The owner of the stock is already considering an offer made through a well-known broker."

"I am authorized to offer 60 for the shares," was the reply.

"Just make your offer in writing and I will see it reaches the right party."

The representative of the present controlling interests of the road did so, and Mr. Winslow promised him an early reply.

CHAPTER XVI.—Winning a Fortune.

Frank Cole dropped into the fat broker's office after three that day and was asked to pass upon the \$60 per share offer which had come from Louisville.

"Write to Mr. Mills and tell him you have received a big offer from Western people for the block of stock, and that if his customer is ready to pay \$75 per share for the 10,000 shares the deal will go."

"Say, Cole," whistled Winslow, "you're modest in your demands, aren't you?"

"I've figured my profit, less your commission and interest on the money necessary to swing this deal, at \$350,000. If I can get it I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"By George! I should think you ought to be. All right, I'll submit this offer to Mr. Mills, and let you know what comes of it at the earliest possible moment."

"Very well, sir."

"Are you going to continue as messenger after you pocket the profits of this deal, or do you think of going into some business for yourself?"

"I haven't thought about the matter at all, sir. No need to be in hurry."

"That's so; but a Wall Street messenger worth a quarter of a million or so would be something of a curiosity."

"You'll be the only man in the Street who will possess that knowledge, so I don't think I shall attract any attention."

"Well, I hope you will have as much luck in holding on to your fleece as you have had in winning it, my lad."

Before Cole was quite through his supper the front door-bell rang, and presently the servant girl came to him and said there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see him on important business.

"What's his name?"

"He didn't say."

Frank, wondering who his visitor was, went up-stairs to see him. He found a big six-foot and not over prepossessing individual who looked as if he might be a ward politician, or something of that sort.

"Are you Frank Cole?" he asked, in an aggressive kind of way.

"That's my name," replied the boy, coolly. "But you have the advantage of me."

"My name is Timothy J. McFadden," replied his caller, gruffly, twirling his big black mustache.

"Well, Mr. McFadden, what can I do for you?"

"You are messenger for Mr. Mills, of Wall Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are the most important witness against Lawrence Bangs, aren't you?"

"I think Mr. Mills is the most important one. What about it, sir?"

"Suppose we go down to the corner and talk the matter over?"

"What matter?"

"The question whether it won't be to your interest to leave the city for a while before the Grand Jury gets you to appear before them to tell what you know about the case against Bangs."

Cole was rather astonished.

"Are you here as a representative of Mr. Bangs?"

"I represent his interests. If you will come down to the corner, where we can talk without being overheard, I will make you a proposition which will put money into your pocket."

"I suppose you wish me to go to a saloon?"

"Yes, Barney Gallagher's."

"I shall have to decline your invitation to go to the saloon, and also to consider any proposition looking to the sidetracking of my evidence against Lawrence Bangs," replied the boy, resolutely.

The visitor was clearly surprised and disconcerted by the boy's uncompromising attitude.

"You will get into trouble, young man," said the man, darkly, "if you persist in appearing against Bangs."

"In what way, sir?" asked Cole, sharply.

"Bangs has friends, friends who have a pull, and they will make it hot for you if you don't accept the proposition they have to offer."

"I suppose these friends have delegated you to offer me this bribe at which you hint."

"You man," retorted his visitor, in an aggressive tone, "you are using a wrong word when—"

"What else do you call it. You say there is \$1,000 in this thing for me if I agree to leave town so that I need not testify before the Grand Jury. What do you call that but a bribe? Now, Mr. McFadden, I wish you to thoroughly understand that I refuse this offer, or any other offer of the kind. I shall appear before the Grand

Jury when legally summoned to do so and tell the exact truth. Mr. Bangs may have a pull, but it won't work in this direction. I think there is no need to discuss the matter further. As I have an engagement for this evening, I hope you will excuse me suggesting that this interview come to an end."

"You haven't heard the last of this, young man," replied Mr. McFadden, taking up his hat.

"Maybe not, but the friends of Mr. Bangs will save time, breath and shoe leather by leaving me out of their calculations in the future."

Cole then showed his visitor to the door, and the man, as he took his departure, favored him with a specially unfriendly look, which, however, had no effect on the boy. Next afternoon, when Cole called at his broker's, he was shown a communication in which his offer of the Louisville & Midland stock was accepted.

"That is satisfactory," he said. "Send the block over to Mr. Mills."

So the deal was closed and Frank reported the fact to Daisy next morning.

"We have cleared something like \$290,000, Daisy, half of which is yours."

"Why, that would be \$145,000. You can't mean it!" she cried, hardly knowing whether she was dreaming or not.

Frank soon convinced her that it was a solid fact.

"I have won something better than money out of this," he said.

"What is that?" in surprise.

"You."

She blushed vividly and put one of her hands in his. On Saturday she tendered her resignation as stenographer to the office, and Mr. Mills said he was very sorry to lose her. Next week Cole appeared before the Grand Jury with his employer. Their evidence settled the fate of Lawrence Bangs, who in due time was tried, convicted and sent up the river to join his friends, Reginald Cates and Hector Pyle. Clearly, the ex-cashier's pull wasn't strong enough to save him.

About this time Frank Cole was promoted to a responsible position in Mr. Mills' counting-room, and he soon proved his value in that department of the business. No one but Mr. Winslow, the fat broker, and Daisy Lee, to whom he was engaged to be married in the spring, knew that he had a balance of \$185,000 in bank. So far as his own private affairs were concerned, he might be truly called the Young Sphinx of Wall Street. He continued, through Mr. Winslow, to make occasional ventures on the market, and was nearly always successful, so that before Daisy sent out her wedding invitations her prospective husband was worth a quarter of a million, which with her own \$145,000 was quite a tidy sum to begin housekeeping with.

She wanted Frank to quit risking his money in stocks lest some unfortunate venture should sweep away the results of all his previous good luck, but the boy could no more keep his hands off the market than he could fly, because he was A Born Speculator.

Next week's issue will contain "THE WAY TO SUCCESS; or, THE BOY WHO GOT THERE."

CURRENT NEWS

INHERENT DREAD OF CATS FOR DOGS

The instinctive fear which cats have of dogs is illustrated very amusingly by stroking a dog and then caressing a blind and new-born kitten with the same hand that has touched the dog. At once the kitten will spit and fluff itself up in the most absurd way, distinguishing the smell of the beast which experience for thousands of generations has taught it most to dread.

WARMEST SEASON IN YUKON

Yukon Territory has experienced the warmest summer and autumn on record, according to Weather Bureau records.

The daily mean temperature has been the highest in twenty-five years, averaging 60 degrees during June, July and August. Maximum temperatures of 90 to 91 degrees were reached.

BEAR HALTS HUNTING PARTY

A black bear, weighing 300 pounds, was responsible for unceremoniously breaking up a deer hunting party near Oakland Valley, Sullivan County, N. Y.

While Leslie H. Burns of that place was stationed along a runway, waiting for a buck, he was surprised by a big bear moving toward him. Becoming excited, the youth fired, but the bear closed on him and he started to run, endeavoring to reload his gun, as he ran.

The bear gained at every bound, when a hunter who was in the thicket fired two shots, one of which went through the animal's heart.

When the bear dropped in its tracks young Burns was so exhausted he was on the point of collapse. A number of the hunters then quit their quest for deer and helped to carry Burns from the woods.

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NO END OF SHORT ARTICLES!

As usual we are giving you some of the best little items procurable on odd subjects of all kinds, in addition to the above mentioned material.

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Wrecked On The Desert

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THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVI.

At The Mercy Of A Madman.

"I do, with all my heart," cried Jack, "but I most awfully hate to see you go alone."

"I'm gone," answered Nemo, and he departed.

"It's almost enough to make one think he is crazy, too," muttered Jack, as he walked back to the house.

"Has he gone?" asked Arthur, as Jack approached.

"Yes."

"Then let's get that thing in the hall out of the way. It makes me sick to think of it being there."

"Lend me a hand, Pedro," said Jack, and between them they carried the remains of the hunchback to a room in one of the extensions which the Mestizo boys said had been his.

Jack had brought some of his belongings up from the wrecked cars, and, among others, was the field glass, through which they were able to watch Nemo for a while, but he soon vanished and although Jack turned the glass on the lone pinon again and again, he saw no more of them.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the boys were both hungry. They asked Pedro to get them something to eat, but he came back from the kitchen with word that everything had been cleaned out.

It was a poor outlook for supper. With all anxiety, the boys waited, but darkness settled down over the Desert Home, and Nemo did not return.

"Nine o'clock," remarked Jack, consulting his watch. "No sign of him yet."

The boys were seated on the piazza, smoking their brier pipes. The house seemed horrible to them, both with its two corpses to be remembered and Edna's kidnapping.

"It begins to look as if something had happened to him, all right," sighed Arthur. "Don't you think, Jack, it would be better if you took that thing out of the car and hid it?"

"That thing" was the golden nugget. The boys had said nothing of it to Pedro, Jack deeming it better that he should not know. Before this Arthur, with his friend's help, had taken one peep at it, when they were sure the Mestizo boy was not observing them. It was still in the toolbox where it had originally been put.

"I don't know what to say," replied Jack. "If we knew the house better, we might think of some safe hiding place."

"Take it down to the garden, and hide it among

the bushes. It ought not to be left in the car all night. Suppose Nemo never returns?"

"I don't want to suppose anything of the sort."

"What shall you do if he don't come, Jack?"

"I must go after him, of course, but, my dear boy, I do most awfully hate to leave you alone with Pedro in your helpless condition."

"I shall have to stand for it. If we only had another revolver!"

Arthur's had been lost when the hunchback attacked him, be it remembered, and Jack only had his own.

"There's another trouble," mused Jack. "Suppose those lunatics sneak back here and steal the car? If they have really found the golden cave, they may have a notion to load it up with the yellow dust and make a get-away, in which case——"

"Hush! Didn't you hear footsteps?"

"No; I can't say I did."

"Listen! There it is again."

"Pedro, is that you?" shouted Jack, for it was now dark.

The sound ceased, but there was no answer.

"I must locate Pedro at once," declared Jack. He picked up the lantern, and, drawing his revolver, went along the piazza to the kitchen door.

A lamp burned inside, and peering in he saw Pedro asleep on an old lounge.

"It's enough to give any one the creeps," he said to himself. "To think of living here all these years with a lot of mad people. I wonder how it ever came about?"

The car stood by a long shed, which extended on beyond the kitchen, and Jack now went to it, opened the toolbox, and took the nugget out.

"I'll hide it in our room under the bed," he said to himself. "I wish to goodness I could hide the car, too!"

Arthur wanted another look at it when he got back, and Jack was holding up the lantern for that purpose, when, from the direction of the garden, a harsh voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Gold! Bright gold! I have sold my best friend for gold!"

"For heaven's sake!" breathed Arthur. "The doctor's voice, wasn't it?"

"Sounded like it," replied Jack, but I can't be sure."

"Speak to him."

"That's up to you, Art. You know how he loves me. Whoever he is, I'm mighty sorry he has seen the nugget."

"Maybe he didn't see it. Quick! Take it into our room, and stow it away."

"But you?"

"Go on. He won't harm me. I'm his patient, you know."

Jack put the nugget under the bed, and was back in an instant, relieved when he saw Arthur all right.

"Heard anything more?" he asked.

"No. Shall I call him?"

"Try it on."

"Doctor!" called Arthur. "Oh, Dr. Glick!"

"What ho!" came the answer from away down in the garden. "That individual is dead. It is useless to summon him. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

NORTHWEST LAKES DO STRANGE STUNTS

Something contagious has attacked Northwest lakes. Goose Lake, noted for large trout and beautiful scenery about its shores in the Columbia National Forest Reserve, almost became a dry lava bed recently by disappearance of the water through cracks and holes in the bottom. Lake Stellacoom bulged up from the bottom and possesses a new-born island in its deepest part.

Cow Lake is reported to have been lowered at its southern end and raised at the northern portion. Cedar Lake, from which comes Seattle's water supply, has developed a peculiar mineral taste, due, say geologists, to some spring that has burst up in the bed of the lake.

PERFECT WOMAN FOUND AMONG ESKIMO TRIBES

The only really contented, happy and helpful woman in the world is to be found among the Eskimo tribes of the polar regions. In fact, the Eskimo is the only perfect woman.

So declares Christian Leden, the experienced explorer and ethnographer, who has just returned from the Arctic. Leden says, admiringly, that the Eskimo woman accompanies her man on his various expeditions, sharing all the hardships of the rigorous Arctic climate, and, in the face of difficulties, always maintains her infallible pluck and good humor. When a sledge journey is undertaken she usually goes before to break the way.

MUTT DOG PARADE STRIKES WASHINGTON

Pennsylvania avenue, historic pathway of mighty pageants of war and peace, was the route of the strangest one of all recently, when a procession of hundreds of plain mutt dogs, headed by a brass band, paraded on their way to the mutt dog show, conducted by the Humane Education Society.

No dog was eligible to that parade unless his family coat of arms had a bar sinister and the more bars there were on the escutcheon the higher he ranked. They pranced along ground as kings, all sizes, colors, shapes, varieties and mixtures of breeds—just plain dogs—the kind that has made little boys and girls happy and instilled lessons of devotion and loyalty in human hearts since time began. And every one was accompanied by somebody who loved him just as much as if he were the highest priced thoroughbred in the world.

Handsomely dressed women who could afford Pomeranians, marched proudly along with pups that were intended to be Collies, but turned out to look like setters and imagined themselves Airedales. Men who looked too busy to bother about a dog walked, unabashed, custodians of creatures weird and strange to the regular breeding of dogdom. Boys and girls carried in their arms short-legged mutts that tired on the way, and the Capital of the United States at a busy hour, paused to look and reflect on a demonstration of humanitarianism.

THE CAMERA JUDGES HORSE RACES

By an invention of M. Sips, a Belgian, the photographic camera is made to do the work of judging horse races. This invention, which has been adopted at several large French and Belgian tracks, aims to replace the eye of the human judge, which is prone to make mistakes, by substituting a mechanical eye whose impressions may be studied at leisure.

The device works as follows: Across the track is stretched a thread of the color of the grass, at a distance of 4 feet 10 inches before the finish line. This distance has been determined on by experiment so as to give the exact instant when the horse's nose touches the winning line. By breaking this thread an electric current is sent through a magnet which operates a camera previously locked in position. A thread across the lens lines up exactly with the winning post, so that when the picture is developed the winner's nose just touches the black line left by the thread on the plate.

By using three cameras on each side of the course, focused at different points on the track, a clear picture can be obtained of the winner, no matter whether he be near the rail or well out on the grass.

This device is used in every race, but in cases where the winner is clear the photographs are not developed. In a close finish, however, where there is doubt, the word "Photograph" is hung out for all to read and the stands wait till the picture has been developed. This process takes only about six minutes, so that no long waits are entailed.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

GROUND CONDENSER SHAFT

When tuning with a variable condenser in series with the antenna or ground an annoying effect is often created when the position of the hand is changed in relation to the dial. The intensity of the music is changed according to the location of the hand. This is called "capacity effect." It can be eliminated by using the variable condenser in the ground circuit with the binding post of the shaft and rotor plates connecting direct to the ground.

EFFICIENT VARIOCOUPLER

A good variocoupler should not have a big surplus of wire. It should be constructed to efficiently receive a limited band of wave lengths such as 200 to 600 meters. It is not advisable to have one instrument cover from 200 to 3,000 meters, for in such a tuner losses occur due to "dead" ends. A variocoupler to cover the broadcasting station's wave lengths should have about eighty turns of No. 24 wire on a primary, or stator, three and a half inches in diameter. The rotor should have about forty turns of No. 26 wire.

SOFT TUBES

For detector purposes the "soft" tube is invariably used, and such tubes are critical to plate voltages. In other words, one tube will work very well on perhaps twenty-two volts, while another will need only about eight volts. Therefore, it will not be a bad idea to use the multi-point switch in order to get the correct amount of voltage in the plate circuit. It is not absolutely necessary, however, because modern vacuum tubes are much more stable in their operation than they used to be.

TRANSFORMER RATIOS.

There is no real necessity for having different ratio audio transformers on the first and second stage of an audio amplifier set. Transformers with a ratio of 5 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 serve efficiently when the standard audio amplifier circuit is used. In a reflex circuit where a crystal detector is employed, the first audio transformer may be of high ratio, about 9 or 10 to 1, because a small amount of energy with greater distortion might result from the high ratio transformer. Generally high ratio transformers produce louder music, but there is less distortion from low ratio transformers.

DISTANT RAILROAD NOISES

During the world series broadcasts it was the fan with the supersensitive receiver who claimed to have heard the crack of ball against bat when Babe Ruth knocked his home runs. A few weeks ago the same individual came in for another share of publicity by reporting that when the cornerstone exercises were being broadcast from the Masonic Temple in Alexandria, Va., through WEAf, he distinctly heard the whistle of a steam locomotive and later its puffing as it drew away from a depot some hundred yards or more

from the scene of the ceremonies. A check-up of this point through the engineers in charge of the broadcast confirmed the fact that a train pulled out during that time.

AN EASY EXPERIMENT

Some amateurs have experimented with a double filament automobile bulb, using one filament in the ordinary manner, lighting it from a 6-volt storage battery and then connecting the other filament so that it takes the place of a grid. In this case it is necessary to place a plate around the outside of the bulb and connect it in exactly the same manner as you would connect the plate of any ordinary type of vacuum tube. It cannot be anywhere near as effective as the regular type of detector tube.

COUPLING BETWEEN COILS

Among the many puzzling and mystifying terms with which the radio beginner must wrestle is that of "coupling." He hears of loose, tight, critical, close, direct, flexible, inductive coupling as well as the coefficient and percentage of coupling, not to forget that ideal conditions known as perfect coupling. To the average beginner the subject is a tangled one. What does coupling mean? What is its use?

Coupling is to a radio set what gears are to an automobile. If they are not meshed properly the mechanism will not work. In a radio set the coupling is an intangible quality the exact value of which is determined by the relative position of two or more coils. The real definition has to do with what is known as the mutual inductance of the circuits involved. Briefly, coupling is tight when the windings of two coils of wire are close together, loose when they are relatively far apart.

THE GRID TALK

One of the most important parts of the vacuum tube receiver is the grid leak resistance used in the detector circuit. There are many radio experimenters who believe that a standard grid leak will suit any receiver built. This is an error, as each tube requires its own specific value of resistance.

There are two ways in which a grid leak may be employed. They give widely varying results, depending entirely upon the type of tube. Frequently there is need for readjusting individual tubes of the same type.

The usual connection of a leak with a vacuum tube is where the leak resistance is connected directly across the grid condenser of the detector tube, or the grid leak resistance is connected across the filament and grid of the tube. By experimentation it is possible to find the side of the filament to which to make the connection since the signals will become weak if the wrong side of the tube is selected.

The novice should realize that whatever size of grid leak is used or however it is placed in the circuit it has a tendency to reduce the sensi-

tivity of the tube. The work of the grid leak is to permit the accumulated charge on the grid to leak off after the signal has passed, but it is also apparent that the resistance allows the signal charge to leak away continually since there is no way of connecting and disconnecting the leak from the circuit. This disadvantage fortunately is offset by its usefulness in the circuit.

Good grid leaks may be purchased for little money, and any amateur will find that four or five different sizes will enable him to get best results by placing the various sizes in series or parallel and changing their position.

DETECTORS

The human ear cannot receive signals above a frequency of 10,000 cycles, but in radio work the frequency runs as high as a million cycles, hence some means must be provided to make such signals audible to the human ear. The detector performs this function.

There are a number of detectors in use at the present time, such as the crystal, the Fleming Valve and the audion or vacuum tube. Crystal detectors are composed of various minerals.

Galena is one of the minerals used most frequently by the amateur. Crystals must be kept clean in order to retain their sensitiveness. Washing with a little alcohol greatly improves them if they have been standing idle or have been carelessly handled.

There are hookups of a vacuum tube detector outfit with one stage of amplification. A crystal detector is also included in the circuit. The idea is for the amateur to try out both detectors separately. When using the tube as a detector care must be taken to see that the crystal detector switch is left open. If the crystal detector is to be used merely close the switch, shut off the rheostat on the detector tube and adjust the crystal. Many amateurs would rather use the crystal as the detector because there are fewer battery noises and less distortion. Others prefer the vacuum tube as detector because it can be easily adjusted. The crystal detector is handy for the local reception of concerts, thereby saving battery energy.

With the added stage of audio frequency signals from either crystal or tube detector are amplified to the desired degree of intensity.

JACKS

To build a two or three tube set without using jacks to control the plate circuit of each tube would be folly on the part of the builder. The ordinary jacks for this purpose are the double circuit and single circuit, the latter in the circuit of the last tube and the former type in all other circuits.

These jacks merely open and close the plate circuit as the phone plug is inserted or withdrawn. When the plug is withdrawn the circuit is closed by automatically cutting in the primary of the amplifying transformer. When the plug is inserted the terminals of this transformer are disconnected from the plate circuit, allowing the impulses to pass directly from the plate through the phones and back to the filament.

But the insertion of the phone plug does not affect the filament of the tube. The tube fila-

ment remains lighted, no matter whether the plug is in position or not. And as the current consumption of tubes fed from storage batteries is considerable a method was devised by which the filaments can be energized or disconnected along with the opening and closing of the plate circuit—that is, with the movement of a single plug. The jack which accomplishes this is called an automatic filament control jack. Its only difference as compared to the standard double circuit jack is in the number of movable contacts.

Filament control jacks are more a refinement than a necessity. But with the less critical tubes, such as the UD199, WD11 and WD12, the jacks perform a handy service. Once the proper operating point has been found with the filament knob it is not necessary again to touch this control. Providing the A battery is kept at its normal charge the tube filament will be heated to the correct temperature the instant the plug is inserted in the jack.

AUDION TUBE USES NO GRID

Harold P. Donle, whose announcement of the invention of a new type of audion tube for detection caused some comment recently, demonstrated the tube in a somewhat improved form before members of the Institute of Radio Engineers. The tube has been made much smaller and now operates on three dry cells, drawing less than .25 ampere filament current. It contains no liquid sodium electrode. This tube has no grid, but utilizes a trough-shaped piece of nickel, partly surrounding the filament and open toward the anode, as its control electrode. The tube is a little larger than the UV-199. It cannot be used as an amplifying tube.

The tube contains a plate, a collector or control anode and a filament. The filament is in series, with a "heater" which is wrapped non-magnetically around the outside of the tube. An outer shell of glass protects this heater. The tube is pumped hard and internally treated with an alkali metal, such as sodium, to provide the stable ionizing material which is claimed to play an important part in its sensitiveness.

Great claims are made for the new tube. It is claimed that it is remarkably sensitive—two stages greater than hard grid tube detector—that the quality of tone is better than that of the usual three-element tube and that it is very stable in operation. An important feature is that it cannot produce the interfering squeals and whistles that characterize the operation of the three-element tubes in the usual circuits.

Thus far the tube is a laboratory product. If it lives up to the inventor's expectations, the tube is an important contribution to radio progress. The tube requires special circuits, although the parts used are those used in the familiar circuits.

The heater is permanently connected in series with the filament, the entire tube assembly fitting a four-prong base. The A battery may be of three dry cells in series and the B battery a single 22 1-2-volt block. A standard rheostat of four to six ohms is suitable. The potentiometer may be of 30 to 50 ohms, with its fixed resistor of 75 to 100 ohms. The heater terminal is connected to the common negative of A and B batteries.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

TRUNK FULL OF MUD CONTAINS \$1,806 IN GOLD

Frank Brubaker of Omaha, Neb., bought an old trunk at a sale of unclaimed expressage several weeks ago and paid \$4.50 for it. When he opened the trunk he found it full of black mud. His friends teased him and had lots of fun about his trunkful of mud. Somebody suggested to Brubaker that he have the stuff analyzed.

He took it to the Omaha plant of the American Smelting and Refining Company the other day and got the report on it. The trunk full of mud had \$1,806.89 worth of gold in it.

Brubaker had placed so little value on the trunk and its contents that he had left it out in his garage with the door unlocked for a week.

THE LATEST IN LION TAMERS

The terrors of lion-taming will be considerably abated by the adoption of a new stunt which, it is said, many trainers are taking up. The usual weapon of the trainer is a whip or club; but when he turns his back a lion may jump on him before he can bring these implements into play. In order to forestall any such move on the part of the kind of beasts a charged wire is stretched across the cage and the trainer directs his charges from one side of it. Should any animal spring it will receive such a shock that it will not care to repeat the experiment, and after a few such lessons the wire may be dispensed with and the lions will keep to their own territory no matter what the trainer may be doing.

CLEVER SWINDLERS TRY NEW DEVICES

Barnum is dead, but does his famous saying still hold good?

Chicago police blotters would indicate so, police officials say. Here are a few indications registered in one day:

Ragged boy with telegram hails woman on

street, asks name, hands her collect telegram, collects \$1.50 and departs. Message blank.

Swindler steals butcher bill from mail box of Mrs. Dwight Cheever of Hyde Park, presents it and almost collects. Tiring of argument, he steals woman's purse containing \$25 and departs.

Middle aged cigarmaker of Rogers Park pays slicker \$10 to have engineer of new Methodist Church building revolve structure for his benefit. Chief of Police Morgan Collins sets him right.

Henry McClain, farmer and deacon in Baptist Church of Three Oaks, Mich., pays two affable strangers in Grant Park \$35 for small sword in hand of General Logan's statue. Henry said he wanted the sword to take home to his wife for a hat pin.

LAUGHS

"I used to hear them tell of building a fire under a balky horse to make him go, said Blinks. "Well," replied Jinks, "you can do that with a balky auto and it will go—up in smoke!"

At a local concert a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come. Ten thousand leaves are falling." But she began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand," cried an auctioneer present.

The Cadger—I ain't never 'ad a chance, no matter where I go to or wot I works at, my unlucky number bobs up and does me in, some'ow. The Householder—What do you mean? What's your unlucky number? The Cadger—Thirteen, lady. Twelve jurymen and a judge.

Grocer—Didn't that lady ask for fresh-laid eggs? Clerk—She did, sir. Grocer—And you said we hadn't any? Clerk—I did, sir. Grocer—Didn't you see me lay those eggs, myself, right down there not ten minutes ago, you careless scoundrel? You are discharged, and see that you don't refer to me for a character, either.

The express from Montreal had just pulled in and the nervous and heavily laden passenger had accosted a porter. "Careful with those suitcases now, young man," he warned him. "Suh," replied the red-cap, drawing himself up proudly, "Ah's toted hundreds of dese, an' nevah once does Ah let de bottles rattle."

Stonewall Jackson once found himself surrounded, with only one way to escape and this was over a bridge raked by a battery of the Federal Army. He calmly pulled his cape over his gray uniform, rode up to the battery and said: "Boys, you have this battery in the wrong place; move it to that eminence," pointing to a hill a short distance up, "limber up and be in a hurry." The order was obeyed and while the artillery was taking the new position Stonewall rode safely over the bridge and away.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

A WONDERFUL ANT-EATER

The ant-eater, which grows to a length of some eighteen inches and has a tail as long as its body, is covered from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail with gray, horny scales, shaped like shields, and convex so that they lie close together, overlapping. To assume the ball shape it places its head between its forelegs, wraps the tail over legs and head, brings it up to the neck, and there he holds it. The tail is very broad and possesses such great strength that several men together fail to move it from its chosen position wrapped around the ball it makes of itself. The ant-eater is quite odd as he walks about; the claws of his forefeet being long and crooked, he turns them under or back and walks on the outside of them.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S SUMMER HOME BURNS

Harlakenden House, the summer residence of Winston Churchill, the author, was burned to the ground at Cornish, N. H. The large brick mansion, valued at \$150,000, was occupied by former President Wilson in 1917 as a summer home.

The origin of the fire is a mystery. About 200 members of the summer colony of authors here and citizens of the district formed a bucket brigade, the water being brought from the Connecticut River, half a mile away. The furniture was saved.

Winston Churchill wrote several of his best known novels in Harlakenden House. The author and his family will occupy another residence here which Mr. Churchill owns.

OLD-TIME BASEBALL RECORDS STILL STAND

Who is the fastest baseball player? Who can encircle the bases in the shortest time?

When can throw a baseball the greatest distance?

Who is the greatest fungo hitter?

Names of major league players will come in bunches in answer to these several questions. Babe Ruth of the Yankees, Cy Williams of the Phillies, Ken Williams of the Browns and Harry Heilmann of the Tigers are all past masters of the art of fungo hitting.

Bob Meusel of the Yankees is known nationally as having one of the greatest whips in baseball. Eddie Collins of the White Sox, George Frantham of the Cubs, and Frank Frisch of the Giants are all wonderfully fast players. Do they hold the record for the best time in encircling the bases? Take a look at the records.

The record for fungo hitting is 354 feet 10 inches, and was made by C. R. Partridge of Hanover, N. H., in October, 1880.

The record has probably never been beaten because no longer are official records taken of fungo hitting. Then, too, it is doubtful whether any of the parks is large enough to permit a fungo

hitting contest. Nevertheless it is interesting to note that the fungo hitting record has remained untouched since 1880.

The record for throwing a baseball is 381 feet 2½ inches and is held by R. C. Campbell of North Adams, Mass., and was made in 1887.

This record will probably stand for a long time to come because of the possibility of injury to players competing in a long distance throwing contest.

The record for circling the bases is held by C. Fulforth of Racine, Wis. His time of 15¾ seconds was made in 1879.

DINOSAURS LAID EGGS

Dinosaurs—the colossal reptile creatures of a prehistoric era—laid eggs five to six inches long. And they had nests like any gentle domestic fowl of to-day.

The early mammalian beasts of Asia and America were kin and roamed across the two continents on the land bridges that joined them in those remote times.

These are some of the discoveries announced by the third Asiatic expedition of the American Museum of Natural History on its return after five months on the Mongolian plains.

One of the leaders of the expedition, Henry Fairfield Osborn, the paleontologist, said the fossil beds found in Mongolia were the largest known to science. For the first time, he explained, explorers had at their disposal terrestrial deposits of enormous extent, still preserved in their pristine grandeur, thus enabling the reconstruction of much of the life in the middle period of the reptilian age.

The adventures of science returned with the opinion that they had proved the Mongolian plateau to have been the center of dispersion of the most ancient animals traced.

Dr. Osborn and Roy Chapman Andrews, the naturalist, consider a spectacular feature of their discoveries the twenty-five fossilized dinosaur eggs which they found in several nests in sedimentary strata among the skeletons of medium sized dinosaurs of a species known as *protoceratops andrewsi*. These are the first dinosaur eggs to be revealed to science, according to members of the expedition, who said that hitherto it had not been known that the dinosaur laid eggs. The eggs are elliptical, five to six inches in length, their shells now covered with a buff colored coating. Their age is estimated at 10,000,000 years.

The explorers brought out seventy-two skulls and twelve complete skeletons of these "terrible lizards," as the Greek words forming the term dinosaur describes them.

The expedition also found numerous remains of mammals, principally of a giant rhinoceros-like beast which is said to prove kinship among the earliest fauna of Asia and America. The scientists explained that a land bridge joined the continents in those dim yesterdays.

HERE AND THERE

BILLION DOLLAR HEN CROP

The little red hen and all her sisters on the American farm this year brought to farmers more than \$1,000,000,000, the biggest poultry yield in the history of the industry, and larger than the proceeds of the wheat crop.

Eggs brought the farmer ready cash and then the hens gave up their lives to beat all former records of the "hen crop," according to Harrison E. Jones, executive secretary of the National Poultry, Butter and Egg Association.

"The Association is advocating poached eggs on toast," Mr. Jones said, "to increase the consumption of wheat. I believe the price of the Thanksgiving turkey will be no higher than last year and possibly lower. A complete survey has not been made."

ARNOLD'S TREASON MARKED BY TABLET

More than 500 members of the Rockland County Society and guests attended the unveiling of a tablet near Haverstraw the other afternoon, marking the spot where Benedict Arnold first met Major Andre, in 1780, to make arrangements for the deliverance of West Point to the British. Dr. Alexander C. Frick, State Historian, was the principle speaker.

A dinner-dance was held at Bear Mountain Inn for the visitors. The speakers included, besides Dr. Frick, former State Senator George A. Blauvelt of Rockland County and the Rev. Paul Hollingshead of Haverstraw. The affair was one of a series of historical markings planned in this section.

The tablet was placed in a huge boulder near the Hudson River. It is inscribed as follows:

"Between this boulder and the river is the place where Benedict Arnold first met Major John Andre, Adjutant General of the British Army, to plan for the surrender of West Point to the British. Major Andre landed from the Vulture the evening of Sept. 21, 1780. Early the following morning the conspirators repaired to the home of Joshua H. Smith, about three miles to the north, where Arnold finally agreed to surrender West Point for £10,000 and a commission in the British Army. From the Smith house Andre attempted to return to the British lines. He was captured at Tarrytown and tried, convicted and executed as a spy at Tappan, Oct. 2, 1780."

Near this spot in the Ramapo Mountains is the iron mine operated until this spring where the colonists forged the iron chain which was stretched across the Hudson River to keep the British fleet from reaching West Point in accordance with the plans given to Andre by Arnold. Parts of this chain are now in the West Point Academy.

This mine and several other historical spots near here which have been under rigid investigation recently by the State authorities will all be properly marked in the near future.

REBUILDING DEVASTATED FRENCH TERRITORY

There are two dominant sounds in the devastated villages of France--the pounding of ham-

mers in day-light hours and the lively strains of American jazz after the sturdy peasants have eaten their cheese and drank their wine. During the day the workmen are busy building new frames and piling up stones and bricks. In the evening many of them dance in tiny halls above shell-torn hotels where American ways were introduced by American soldiers. Another touch of the American influence in these little towns is seen in the light that streams from shop windows after nightfall. French storekeepers used to close earlier.

The devastated regions resemble nothing more than the mining camps of the American West. At Lens and Lille swarms of Greeks, Italians, Poles and Russians work beside the Frenchmen in clearing the mines and rehabilitating the factories. They eat together in big dining rooms accommodating perhaps 200 men, and they are a merry lot.

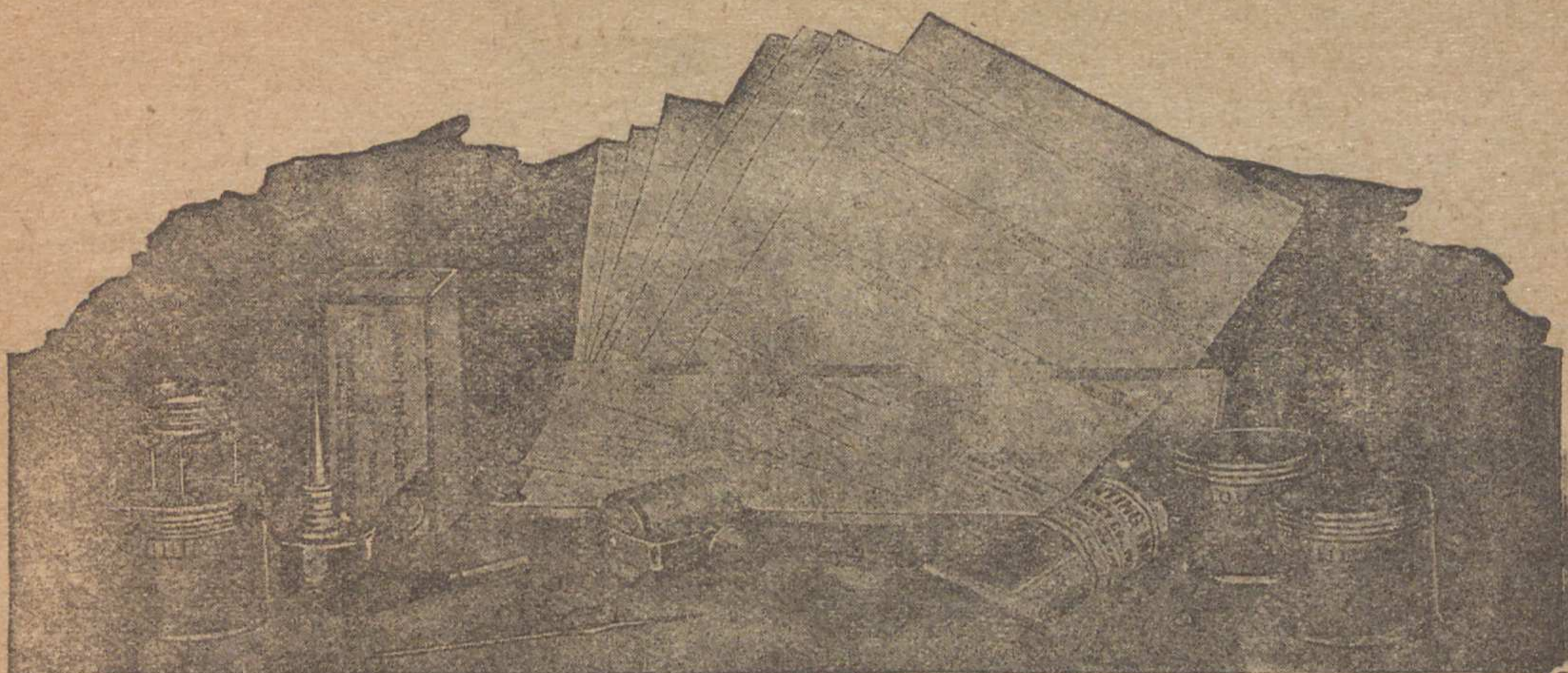
New buildings, much cleaner than anything Paris has to show, are rising from the debris. The walls of the new cafes are well decorated, without the over-sweet sort of art found in the capital. The lights shine brightly in these little places.

About 5,000 houses have been built in Lens since 1918, normal industry has been resumed in most of the factories, and the mines are being pumped dry with the aid of powerful machines supplied by the Government. These are the mines that were so thoroughly wrecked and flooded by the Germans as to be thought beyond hope of repair.

Arras also is hard at work. Carpenters set up their workshops in the streets and saw wood in the public square. Others utilize the curious subcellars, or "boves," which were quarried out of the rock in the twelfth century and gave protection to life in the bombardments of the great war. In Arras in the thirty-one months of German attack only 252 houses out of 4,521 escaped injury. About 2,000 houses have been restored, and work on others goes forward rapidly. The rains of autumn do not hinder the workmen; they wear long raincoats with hoods attached, and though the water often drips from their mustaches they keep on the job.

The houses of Arras can be rebuilt, but the art treasures of the town are destroyed forever. Some of these dated from the time of Clovis. Since the twelfth century Arras has been noted for its architectural beauty. The huge central market place was a square surrounded by 155 arcaded and gabled houses and 345 monolithic columns, adorned with Doric capitals, supporting elliptical arches. In the square the Duke of Burgundy held his tournaments, and here the people for miles around met to conduct their business transactions. The entire square is now in ruins. The Town Hall was shelled to bits, only a few fragments remaining.

Of the famous old Abbey of St. Vaast only the charred walls of the inner and outer facades stand to-day. A sign informs tourists that the French Government is preserving the ruins as a war memorial.



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WILD GEESE HALT TRAIN

Wild geese thronging the right of way of the Spokane-Portland Railway north of Wallula, Wash., have interfered seriously with the operation of trains. So numerous are the big birds that several times it has been necessary to stop trains that the bewildered honkers might not be slaughtered by hundreds. Enginemen try to drive the birds from the tracks by tremendous blasts from the locomotive whistles.

The geese are arriving in large flocks from their Arctic nesting haunts. They rest along the Columbia River for 100 miles up and down stream. During the early morning and late evening they rise for flights into neighboring wheat fields to feed. In the middle of the day they return from the fields with overfilled crops and rest on the warm sand dunes along the railroad and overflow the tracks.

A sort of protection is afforded the geese by roosting on the said dunes. Instinctively they appear to realize that men cannot traverse the soft, yielding material safely, while their webbed feet act on the sliding sand as snowshoes act on snow.

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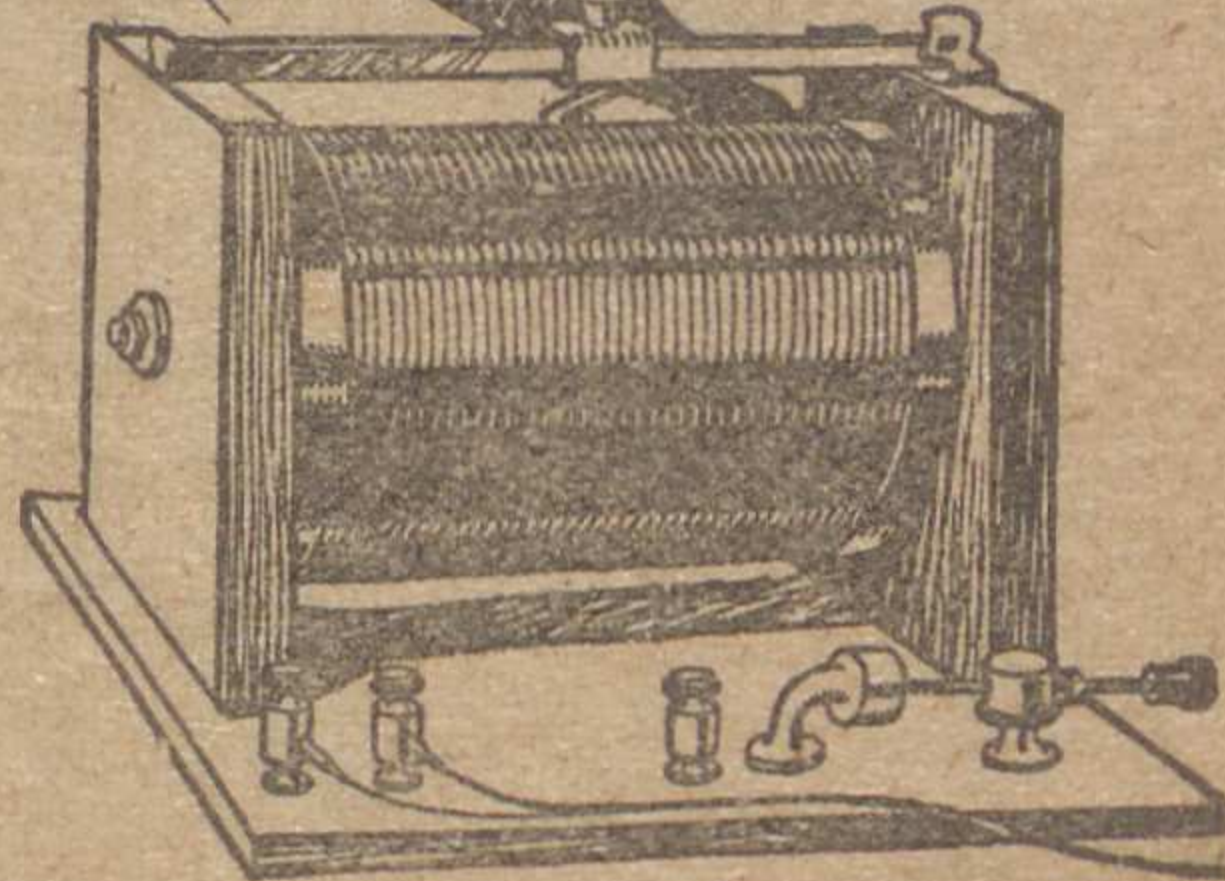
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